Prof. W. W. Walker

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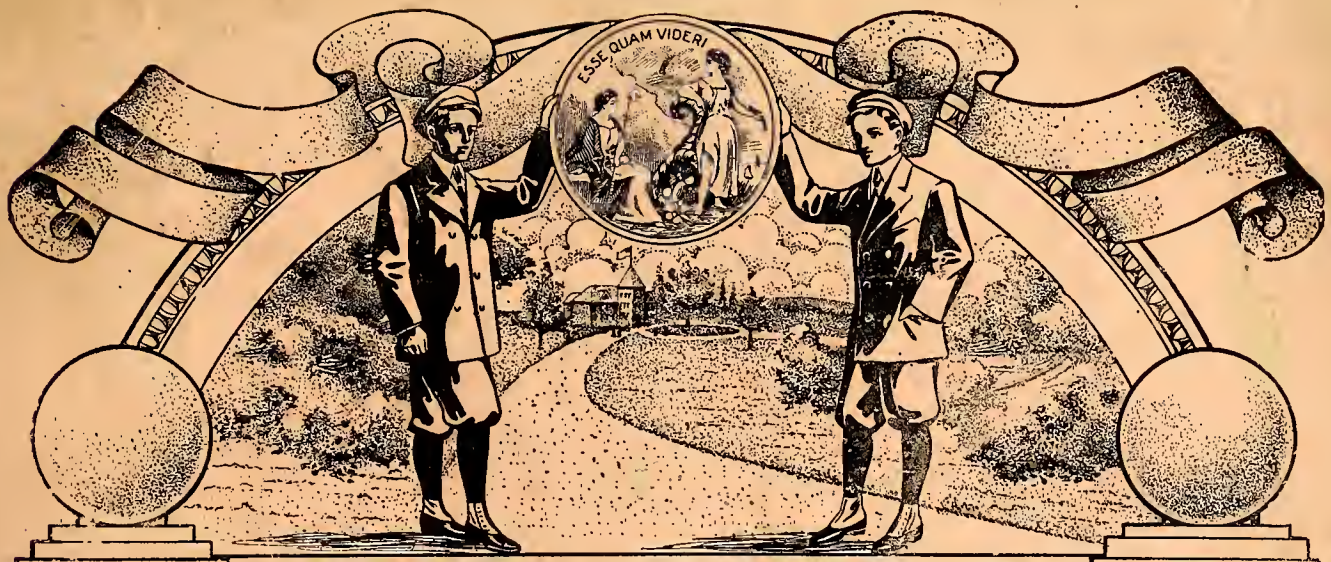

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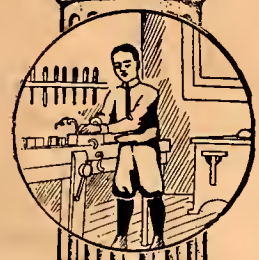

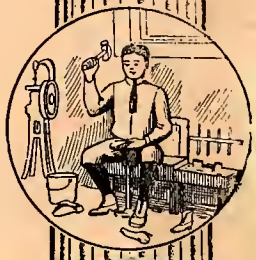

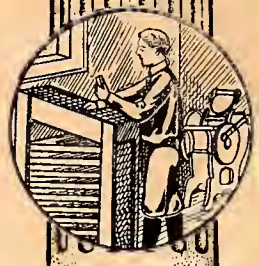

"God broke our years to hours and days,
That hour by hour
And day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along
To keep quite strong."

JUNE, 1911

WHEN IN DISGRACE.

By William Shakespeare.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
  I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
  And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
  Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
  With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
  Haply I think on thee and then my state,
(Like to the lark at break of day arising,
  From sullen earth,) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For they sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
  That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. III. CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE, 1911 No. 1.

A Monthly Journal Published by the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School

Our State.

By James P. Cook.

[The following consists of paragraphs from the oration by Mr. J. P. Cook before the North Carolina Press Association. We take advantage of Mr. Cook's absence from home to print these extracts which we get from the Charlotte Observer.]

I have always wondered if the many stories we hear about the planting of white colonies on this continent even approximate the realm of truth. But falling back on imagination and reason, we are safe in believing that this country was at some time or other discovered and that the adventurers had some lively times with the folks and conditions confronting them.

I am deeply impressed with the smartness and the exhibition of good common sense by Walter Raleigh's visiting delegation to this continent in search of gold, potatoes, tobacco, trouble and glory in that they invited Manteo and Wanchese, two representative Indians, to accompany them on their return to England, to become centers of attraction, to tickle the royal authorities and be draw-cards in the money scheme. * * * * * * * *

SINCE THE WAR.

When North Carolina began business on her own account, as one of the original thirteen, her population was less than 300,000. For the present purpose we are not concerned with our State's affairs up to 1860. No civilization, we observe in passing, at any time or anywhere wrought acts more daring or which reach farther into eternity. The history of the world names no people with a code of ethics more inflexible—their habits, their customs, their ideals, their very selves, stand out in the sea of humanity just as distinct as Commodore Maury pictures to us the Gulf Stream.

The issues decided and settled for all time to come by the fortunes of war, in which this State played a part no less renowned than the bravest of the brave, brought changes in the customs and affairs of these people. The close of the war of 1865 brought a new deal—the old order gave way—and an entirely new proposition offered itself. Overcome by superior numbers and an insufficiency of rations, but not conquered; surrendered, but not apologizing—that was an impossibility; tortured and insulted by the acts and scenes of reconstruction, a period that introduced into this section the pale-faced colored man—everything in chaotic state—credit gone—business demoralized—and this is where our State, along with the other States of the South, had to begin again.

DUTY OF PRESENT GENERATION.

From that period to the present is a long step—it is a revolution. The same land, the same bright sunny clime, the same high character, the same undaunted courage, the same hope, and the same high purposes, but new actors, who have come out of this open-door-chance-giving atmosphere that our liberal and kind government has created. In gratitude, therefore, we point to the achievements of the past—we glory in them, for our ancestors wrought them. The benefit is ours, but the honors lie elsewhere. The achievements of the past which made North Carolina unashamed among the galaxy of States are the jewels and the crowns of of our fathers and the immediate past and not ours. They are the grist of the mills that ground steadily before us. Whatever good, whatever achievements and whatever pleasures they have, as a legacy, brought to us today, is but an imperative obligation on us to make our State still greater in education, political wisdom, industrial development, and social and moral uplift, striving earnestly to make our record an adequate and eloquent reflection of our appreciation of the benefits of the past and a creation of a hope for those who follow after us. * * * * * * * * * *

PROBLEMS OF EDUCATION.

North Carolina mourned in common with other States, but she had some sorrows peculiarly all her own. Out of the blackness and wreck of the war, the flower of the land dead and buried, motherhood widowed and in sorrow, the school-fund dissipated by thieves from within and without, our fathers restored and wrought and educational system of public schools, unsurpassed by sister States, confronted by like difficulties and embarrassments. It is not perfect for nothing human can be. * * *

The time may come when it will appear advisable for State-aided institutions for higher education to confine themselves to university branches, eliminating preparatory work and beginning where denominational colleges leave off. To my own mind it is certain that North Carolina needs all her institutions—she needs stronger and broader, and when an agreeable policy shall have been established denominational and State institutions a long and important step in the State's educational affairs will have been taken. It is now not settled; and until an amicable policy has been marked out and accepted by the leaders of educational thought in the State there will be at times a friction that might leave a sore which will refuse to be healed.

But where North Carolina shines with greatest glory is in the conduct of her common schools. In no field of service does the State receive greater returns than from her investment in the common schools. From the head of the department down to the smallest and most obscure teacher we find a patriotism of high order. Men and women are actually giving themselves to the State. I have no patience with the light references sometimes made to the school of former days The log school-house, with its iron-handed schoolmaster sitting from sunup to sundown, was a mighty important institution in its day—it moulded character of high order, it made scholars in the truest sense and it gave to the State many of its best and truest citizens, who now bear important burdens of the day. The old-time school was a product of its times and reflected just as much glory for its opportunity as the schools of today reflects their opportunities. It is a system of growth, of development,

of contagion, of demands. Not many years ago, the county head of the public school system may have been a lawyer without clients, a doctor without patients, a preacher without a charge, a farmer without a farm, and an editor without a following. Today, in a majority of the counties the men who direct the educational affairs of the county are among the very first citizens—they are leaders, substantial, well-educated, high-minded, manly men, patriotic men, giving a service to the public which in most any other calling would give double the personal remuneration.

TERMS TOO SHORT.

Though the school term has been greatly increased, the teaching ability improved, the houses bettered, the system in all parts strengthened—this reflecting the wisdom of the legislative and executive authorities of the government—the system will not have reached its zenith until we have a ten months' school in reach of every child, the school under the best talent, well paid, and under healthy and pleasant environments. This is coming. The educational spirit of the times and the leadership now directing have high iedals. This much-desired accomplishment may not be reached next year or in the next ten years, but the fact remains that the man, or the set of men or the party of men, who array themselves against the campaign that means ample facilities for the thorough English education of every child in the State, will be annihilated and for the sake of good citizenship of the future they ought to be. I do not contend that the State owes its children a higher education free, but I do declare that the State, depending upon the intelligence of its citizenship for good government, must see that every child has that opportunity; and having the opportunity and ignoring it, it will then be wisdom at no distant day to resort to compulsion.

Having prepared the child for good citizenship, the State has a right to expect of him an active participation in the political affairs of the State. I don't mean the angry scramble, which has for its object merely the defeat of some person or some cause. I mean that political interest which seeks to settle right a question which concerns justice, touches the welfare and best interests of a common citizenship and looks to the growth, the peace and the prosperity of our State.

NEED OF STRONG MEN.

Even the young among us recall the event in recent years when an unholy alliance of bad leaders, aided and abetted by ignorant and inflamed negroes, captured the governmet of the State. The two Legislatures which that aggregation held are famous for the lack of patriotism or ability.

A reign of hatred prevailed; neighbor arose against neighbor, even brothers disagreed; indignities were offered women; and the proud old State was in sorrow.

The order was restored, and there was written into the organic law of the State a document that eliminated from participation of elections of that class of ignorant, salable hosts, who, in the hands of the vicious, are but putty. White supremacy is an accomplished fact in the government of our State. That alone is not enough. The purpose of that memorable campaign which brought about our latest constitutional amendment was to render impossible the dominion of the vicious, whose only chance of success is by way of appeals to the ignorant that can be found among all peoples, and taking advantage of election and especially primary laws, loosely observed and enforced. There are among all people those with disappointments, grouches and political sores who must be reckoned with. They are mad, and when mad they lose sight of the common good and bend their energies for revenge and satisfaction. I am by no means certain, notwithstanding the constitutional amendment has for a time eliminated the ignorant, that the time may not again become necessary to repeat a famous telegram, "Hold Robeson and save the State."

This fear of the political effect of a position renders otherwise brave men timid and thereby much wholesome and much needed legislation goes unaccomplished. This fear is a natural one. A proud people, represents the finest type of civilization, cannot forget the humiliation of recent years and therefore must not ignore the lessons of caution.

FOR LEGALIZED PRIMARY.

While I hold an unbroken regularity to the party of the great Vance, I am not discussing this matter from a partisan standpoint; but I feel that there is something lacking to make a full and free discussion of measures and questions rather than men possible in both parties under the prevailing system. I have come to believe that the intelligence and progressiveness of the State can work out greater results if it were possible to thrash out measures without jeopardy of party, which, in the light of past experiences, is regarded as the hope of the State. In a Democracy, intelligence and liberty of action must be recognized. These qualities of mind and heart are often made to smart under the belief that some character has posed as carrying in his vest-pocket the will of his county, and so pledges it. A condition like this is neither fair to the candidate nor to the electorate.

Is there a remedy? Is it possible to invite the intelligence of the State to take a stand on measures and discuss them freely and fully without fear of bringing harm to the State? I believe that there is a remedy. Should the voice of the majority of the intelligence of the State rule rather than under the operations of the constitutional amendment be trusted? I believe so. Then how can that full and free discussion be had? How can that verdict be recorded and prevail? It seems to me that the only way possible by which these things may be secured is through and by a legalized primary law, governing both and all parties in like manner. I am aware, my friends, of argument against a legalized primary; good and patriotic men all over the State doubt the wisdom of such an amendment. It seems to me however, to be sound and, when the legalized primary becomes an operative law, a broader opportunity for development and a more rapid material and industrial awakening in the State must necessarily following. The dominant party in the State can then appeal to the people for full and free discussions on measure and not men. To my mind, this would mean a new day for the internal affairs of the State.

When an educational system providing for the education of all the masses is established; when the government of the counties and the State is placed absolutely on a basis where political slates do not prevail and issues are not decided by the politically strong but by the will of the people, there necessarily follows an era of hope and confidence. Under such a condition the demagogue is put out of business and the greatest activity and safety in industrial and manufacturing development are guaranteed. The State has a proud record along this line, but there remain to be given the assurance and the encouragement for diversification of industries where by a people become secure from a depression which is liable at any time to attack any given industry.

AGRICULTURAL AWAKENING.

There is an agricultural awakening

in the State—it is a healthy sign. Some months ago there was a loud lament over what was claimed as a desertion of the farms. In my own paper I claimed that this fear and claim were exaggerated. The recent census is absolute proof, so far as North Carolina is concerned. The increase in the rural districts surpassed that of the towns. Aside from a demoralized, shiftless unambitious colord population, which is moving townward, the white rural population has more than maintained the usual rural increase. What must give us serious concern is what shall be done with the increasing number of idle negroes in our towns and the growing number of able-bodied young men inheriting ease, going to waste in idle and riotous living. There are too many undeveloped resources and too much good climate in this good, old State for all this brain and muscle in idleness to give us no concern. * * * * * *

A pleasing and interesting innovation in the educational life of the State was authorized by the late General Assembly. It is to early yet to make an estimate of the value of the farm-life schools, but there is a sound reason for them; the high character of the men behind this movement together with their wisdom and experience warrant us in expecting much from this educational under taking, and this contribution of the leaders to agricultural endeavor in the State merits the appreciation and the sympathy of all patriotic North Carolinians.

GOOD ROADS.

There is another movement, which is second only to religion and education, which has aroused the interest of the entire State. Say what you please about your love or your hatred for the automobile--their abuse undoubtedly has claimed their victims by the hundreds in the sum total of idleness encouraged, financial embarrassments brought about and deaths produced--but to the enthusiasm, the fascination and intoxication of the automobile habit must be attributed the great wide movement, recently started, looking to a splendid network of public roads throughout the State. The successful preachment of good roads until the people of every country are "on fire" with enthusiasm unto action is devoutly to be prayed for. Good roads and good schools, hand-maidens of religion foretell a greater and a better people having respect for the State's past, faith in her present and a hope for her future. There is room for us all--there exists no monopoly in this cause, whether you have an automobile, a wagon or not we too,—must becomes pathfinders.

WATERPOWER DEVELOPMENT.

For ages there has run by us, unharnessed and wasted, a power that had it been utilized would have made this State the richest on earth. Today in this section there is being developed and distributed that which in a few years will revolutionize this entire State. To look into the near future and see a wise development of the waterpower, and its use and service extended to every nook and corner of the State for the benefit of man, there slowly unfolds a picture whose beauty and brilliancy charm and awe us. I am not a prophet, nor am I the son of a prophet, but I make bold to declare to you that in a few short years my prophetic picture will show: The State will be covered by a network of interurban lines--the face of the rural district will be changed--all will have become neighbors—the population will be doubled—lands will become so valuable that all waste places will be called into service and receive the touch of life and hope—interurban homes will have become a numerous joy--all values will have been raised—living in the country will command a premium—the idle and the imaginary rich will take notice—all by-products will be utilized—and the picture is yet incomplete.

SANITATION AND HEALTH.

This growth, this development, and increase of population will arouse our own people on that subject on which they have made an inexcusively slow progress in the past fifty years. When my picture becomes a reality in North Carolina, yes, long before, I pray, our people will have turned their attention to a sadly neglected subject—sanitation and health. We have yet to learn that every man owes to every other man a debt, constant and abiding, which demands that he jealously guard against contaminating that which concerns health and happiness. The indifferenceo four people along this line approximates criminality. It is astonishing how many good people there are who will permit the accumulation of filth on their lots because an ownership is lacking; how many people who are blind to the danger of a stagnant pool of polluted water; how many never see the menace of a pile of decaying weeds unmoved; and what a pitiable and sorry citizen is he, who declines to avail himself of all sanitary appliances in his community or town for the maintenance of sanitary laws and health. The country is full of these selfish parasites. For them and for the sake of the greatest possible effort to remove all dangers, there needs be and must come exacting laws that even cowardly executive officers must observe and invoke, if need be. * * * *

OPPORTUNITY FOR BOOSTERS

Thousands of people annually pass through our borders, via the Southern, the Seaboard and the Atlantic Coast Line to and from the "Land of Flowers." What they see from the car windows does us an injustice; the view, excepting a few towns, is not typical of the lands, the products, the developments, the customs, the habits, the people and the possibilities of our State. These are hidden. Here is work for the boosters, the clubs and the whoopers-up of our several towns. Let them join hands and efforts and start a campaign looking to the development and beautifying either side for fifty yards of the principle railroads running across the State. Clear away the brush, trim up the trees, plant flowers, sow clover, drain the stagnant pools, do demonstration agricultural work, erect signs of information, encouraging painting of houses, whitewashing fences and outhouses. Take the railroads into your confidence, reveal your story and your purpose and invite them to join you in cleaning up their right of-way and building here and here a station in keeping with the demands and needs of the towns and the character of the road. A finer object-lesson or a more cordial invitation cannot be presented to those who travel or talk or write

North Carolina's past is great; her present is greater; and the duty of making her future better and more glorious is with us. The opportunity for material and worldly accomplishments has been emphasized. But this is not all of life. He who spends his life in accumulating worldly goods and unmindful of the calls and the opportunities around him for uplift work and making better the moral condition of the people, has lived in vain. He is out of tune with the great throng, who are contributing to the upbuilding of the State.

The State need not be ashamed of her record in doing for her afflicted and unfortunate among us. The field is not yet covered, and facilities are not yet adequate for the demands but the eyes and the heart of the State are set in the right direction, so it is just a question of time when we may rejoice in a satisfactory realization of our fondest hopes.

Must Fight White Plague.

By Dr. Thomas M. Jordan.

A paper read at the convention of the Medical Society of North Carolina by Dr. Thomas M. Jordan, superintendent of health of Raleigh. "A Study of the Mortuary Statistics of North Carolina for the Year 1910; and Some Remarks as to the Relation of the Doctor to Public Health as Regards Tuberculosis."

"It is pardonable pride if I claim for North Carolina doctors that they are in the van of progress, moral and intellectual, as well as all elements entering into a high life in keeping with a professional calling. Upon such progress true superiority and leadership are dependent. Some physicians believe that we have attained them; others, less optimistic and perhaps wiser, believe that we are still endeavoring to obtain them. The former opinion might be termed the assumption of the majority; the latter the ambition of the minority. "The initiation and direction of any movement, therefore, making for greater achievements by the profession, as well as for the judicious developments by the profession, as already inaugurated, will develop upon the minority. To you, therefore, representing this invaluable minority, I would present some thoughts coming to my mind after a study of the mortuary statistics of our State for the year 1910 upon what I think is the very greatest problem before, not only our profession, but the whole world if you will, but directing your attention to what is nearest to us, our duty in our own State in regard to the greatest enemy of mankind; an enemy causing the death of more of our people than all other communicable disease combined

"An enemy that left 845 fatherless homes in North Carolina in a year; an enemy that left 1,205 motherless homes in North Carolina in a year; an enemy that left 365 homes without parents in North Carolina in a year; an enemy that left 1,420 orphans in North Carolina in a year.

THE CRITICAL QUESTION.

"The greatest question for our consideration is, shall we submit to or conquer this arch enemy of our race? And considering this great question, the relation of the physician to public health, as regards tuberculosis, presents itself for thought.

"From the beginning the relation of the doctor to public health in general has been an established fact, for to none other than to the medical profession is due the credit for all the present laws we have bearing upon public health.

"The status of the doctor now toward tuberculosis is not what it formerly was, for the doctor has had another thought coming to him as to the nature of the disease and consequently altering his relations to public health in regard to it; yet there has been no alteration in our health laws in regard to tuberculosis.

"It is still within the memory of man when the teaching as to tuberculosis was that it was an inherited and not a communicable disease. Now it has been more certainly proven that tuberculosis is communicable, than has been admitted that it is not inherited; but there has been no enactment of law in regard to it, tending to prevent its spread as in scarlet fever, smallpox and diptheria, except the one instance of requiring fumigation of premises after death or removal, and by some municipalities requiring a report to the authorities of its presence in the community. It is not claimed that tuberculosis is so viciously contagious as are the diseases mentioned, or that the same quarantine that is applicable in these would or could be applied successfully in tuberculosis; neverthless, there can be no defense of the 'stand pat' attitude in regard to the latter, for as a destroyer of human life and happiness, placing tuberculosis against the whole list of contagious diseases, it leads so far that there is complete forgetfulness as to others."

INTERESTING FIGURES.

"In 1910 we lost in North Carolina by death from whooping cough, 230; measles, 200; diphtheria, 265; smallpox, 5; typhoid fever, 1,110; tuberculosis, 4,690; from all preventable diseases, 6,500 people. Estimating the property value of a human life at even $2,000 our State is losing annually in dollars and cents from preventable diseases $13,000,000, but $9,380,000 of that amount will be due to tuberculosis. It is over twenty times as destructive to life as whooping cough and measles, nearly twenty times as destructive as diphtheria, each one public health lays its preventive hand upon. Now, when I tell you that tuberculosis is nine hundred and forty times as destructive to life as smallpox, upon which so much stress has been laid by our profession and the laity, will you not ask yourselves the question, 'Why am I idle as to some measure to prevent the spread of this terrible malady?'"

WHY NO ACTION?

"And again I ask why the exception, or why there has been no public health enactment treating tuberculosis as other diseases that we know are not easier prevented than tuberculosis? Is the profession to blame? If so, is it because we are still treading the same pathway we made in regard to public health when we regarded tuberculosis as an inherited disease only, and incurable, and when, because it was so regarded, it was considered cruel to inflict upon, as we thought then, the already doomed, the information that offered no hope whatever, and left to him only the regret that he had not been born of parents whose blood did not float tubercle bacilli?

"Perish the thought that, for any reason of self-interest, either of the physician or his patron, the relation of the profession to public health as regards tuberculosis can be explained; yet it is no great stretch of imagination to picture such a reason for the relation.

CAN BE CURED.

"The admitted fact now by the confession that tuberculosis can be cured under proper surroundings and circumstances, if taken in time, and the widely advertised sanatoriums, and cock-sure cure specialists, that are calculated to take patronage from the regular physician, who knows full well that he can do his patient quite as much good as he can receive elsewhere, may make the physician slow to inform his patron of his real condition, feeling sure that if he should do so, more than likely he not only would lose patronage, but most surely reputation with his former patron and his friends, because what we hear on the return of such cases if not cured is that the regular family physician did not send the patient in time, or kept him at home too long.

"Bearing upon this phase of the case, I may be pardoned for reciting a couple of my own experiences. Some years ago, I was requested by

the proprieters of a large firm serving the public to examine and report upon an employee as to whether he was tuberculosis. The examination confirmed suspicions. It devolved upon me to inform him of the findings. I advised with him as to the best course to pursue, giving any hope of recovery. Of course, he lost his job with the firm. I also lost his patronage, and he took the aconite electric cure with a specialist just come to town, but his ticket read death from tuberculosis on the health records a few months later.

"A year or so ago a gentleman whom I had been for some time the family physician of developed tuberculosis. His occupation brought him in daily contact with the traveling public. I felt called upon to break the sad news to him, and advised him as to his relation to the public and his family, and explained to him the means that promised most for his recovery. Instead of following my advice, he went visiting to return and place himself in the hands of a consumptive specialist, who, I have since been told, said to him, that as soon as he could cure him of the fever his doctor had allowed him to walk about with so long, all would be well with him. He has been relieved of the fever, and I trust it is well with him if not the 'well' he was led to expect.

"Whether the conditions or facts mentioned are the causes for the relation of the physician to public health as regards tuberculosis or not, the fact must be admitted, that either for those or for some others, the profession by a large majority is maintaining the speak-easy attitude in regard to tuberculosis it maintained when we thought differently about it. We cannot claim that we don't know how. We can know if we will. The State has provided free examination of all suspected sputum and the 'I am not certain' argument cannot justify the profession in failure to announce the presence of a disease in the community dangerous to public health.

SHOULD BE RECORDED.

"We either have convictions upon the subject or we don't; having them, we should without hesitation, act, regardless, or we should not profess to be our brother's keeper, when we are not. If the phagocytes of our professional life and brotherhood are not strong enough to protect us against the siren songs of the make-believe, who claim to cure them by their quirks other than rational treatment, let us inject the lymph of professional restoration by enlisting in a common cause in behalf of public health, and deserve credit for what we have done by doing greater things in behalf of public health in regard to tuberculosis. Whether we lead the van or not, the law will be enacted and we should take our proper place at the head of the movement. Let the profession cut the pattern for the law, for any law to be successful in execution will depend upon the profession.

"If the profession were required to make public announcement of tuberculosis, as in other contagious and infectious disease, in my opinion a great step forward would be taken toward the education of the public as to the real nature of the disease and its management and treatment, and once this is known, the advice of one reputable physician will be worth as much as another, there are no obscure methods in its management or treatment, the diagnoisis being certain.

"If I read the signs of the times correctly, our profession has no time to lose in taking a step forward now in regard to this particular matter, for the layman is interested in this matter as never before; and at no distant day there will be legislation along this line, and by right I think the medical profession owes it to itself, to its profession and former attitude toward public health legislation, to be in the front rank instead of the rear in such a movement and claim the credit for leading the fight. The reason we have no such law now is because the profession has been derelict to duty in not demanding the passage of same. While I do not feel myself competent to provide the proper machinery for such a humane undertaking, it occurs to me that physicians should he required to make public announcement by placard or some other form of notice the location of every case of consumption.

SHOULD PROTECT PUBLIC.

"To ever successfully combat tuberculosis, some similar notoriety and management as is used in smallpox and other contagious diseases must be adopted for the migratory consumptives. If a case of smallpox should come to your town the entire community would stand as one man for his isolation; put him in the pest house, burn his belongings. The community will stand for anything to handle smallpox, even for taxation to support quarantine, which, if it does anything, helps to spread the disease by offering a false protection to the individual and prevent his vaccination. We should regard the incoming consumptive with a great deal more fear, and notice of his coming should be given by health authorities from whence he came as is done in smallpox. When a State law requiring this is upon our statute books with proper penalty, physicians will no longer hesitate to report the cases coming before them. The same will act well upon the patient in that he will know that one doctor will report him as quickly as another, and that there will be no escape from the publicity.

"There will be two classses of patients to deal with, the indigent and the self-sustaining patient. Both must be handled to succeed in the eradication of the disease. The man that cannot provide for himself must be provided for by the State, and to do so a home, hospital or sanitarium must be prepared and the indigent required to go.

"The self-sustaining patient must be properly instructed as to how he shall conduct himself to prevent the spread of the disease, and should he prove rebellious or neglectful of or to the instruction given him for the prevention of the spread of the disease, then upon conviction, through due process of law, as a punishment for his offence, he should be subjected to the same restraint in the same home with the indigent. But the question arises is the state able to make such provision? It is paying a greater tax by loss from this disease, than it would take, in my opinion, to provide for it as proposed. The annual loss to the State now by death, placing the value of a human life at even one thousand dollars each would lose the State in round numbers nearly five million dollars annually. And even at so low an estimate of a human life as $1,000 each, the loss from one disease alone to our State is a greater tax than that levied for municipal, county and State purposes combined annually. Add to this the time lost by other members of the family in nursing and caring for the sick, and as a business proposition that our State take steps to prevent, it is unanswerable, not to mention the State's duty to its citizenship.

If the value of a State is dependent upon its citizenship, and who would be so ignorant as to deny this proposition, then any amount expended for a better, healthier, happier citizenship will be worth while. Whatever part our profession shall act in bringing to pass of such most to be desired conditions, will redound to its everlasting glory and praise."

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the boys. Subscription One Dollar a Year in Advance.

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WALTER THOMPSON, Superintendent

Entered at the post office at Concord, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

North Carolina's Glory.

Atlanta Journal.

The pride of North Carolina is her splendid educational system, includind the country school on up to the college and the University. No state in the South is forging ahead with more commedable progress and substantial growth in educational lines than the Old North State.

She is setting the pace in the forming of school improvement societies, who's chief aim is to beautify and improve the school-houses and grounds of the rural communities. In recent years the good women of the State have undertaken a great work in this line, and it is largely due to their zeal and untiring energy that the country school has undergone such a remarkable transformation.

Scores of school improvement clubs have been formed in North Carolina in recent years, primarily to make things look better, but the good women did not stop here, however, for material improvement was only a part of their campaign—the visible part. Better teachers, better methods and higher standards in teaching were demaded, until today North Carolina occupies a position of honor among her sister states.

Nor is this remark true alone of the rural schools. A recent visit by the writer to this great old State convinces us that no section of the country has more excellent preparatory schools, especially for boys, than North Carolina; One of the oldest and best known military schools in the entire South is found in this State, where for over 70 years the Bingham school has trained young men for varied lines of activity and usefulness. In fact, throughout its entire history, this school has undergone no change of management, the son succeeding the father in his great work.

Other excellent preparatory schools some are scattered over the State, of them with an equipment worth anywhere from $150,000 to $500,000. These schools have brought students from every State in the union, and from many foreign countries, they being attracted in part by her ideal climate and in part by the splendid reputation of her State schools.

But the crowning glory of the Old North State and the climax of her educational greatness, are her colleges and universities. Among them Wake Forest, the great Baptist institution; Trinity College at Durham, the pride of the Methodist and of the entire State; Davidson College, the aggressive and progressive Presbyterian school near Charlotte; the great Agricultural and Mechanical College at Raleigh - a splendid State Normal at Greensboro, together with a dozen or more excellent schools for girls in the various parts of the State, constitute a galaxy of educational stars of which any State in the union might well be proud.

Somehow, there is something of vitiality and virility in these schools and colleges of the Tar-heel State that impresses itself tremendously on the lives and character of their students. Rugged in character like the grand old mountains of the Blue Ridge around them, and pure of spirit like the mountain air they breathe these sturdy sons of the old North State have from early colonial times down to the present day, made their impress upon history. In peace or war, in prosperity or adversity, wherever the voice of duty called or whenever the nation needed valued service and loyal manhood, North Carolina's sons have always responded cheerfully and promptly.

True, we cannot ascribe all the glory of this splendid fruitage to education. It is difficult to analyze the greatness of any people. Indeed no one cause alone produces such results. There are many composit factors that enter into the warp and woof of the character of a people. Good blood— not always blue, mind you—a favorable physical environment and wholesome moral and religious as well as secular training, are some of the determining factors in the moulding or a peoples character. No one of these alone will make greatness but the combination undoubtedly will.

It is not North Carolina's sublime mountains, nor her cotton factories, nor her material worth and natural resources, that constitute her real greatness. It is her people, her enlightened citizenship—sturdy, well developed, and highly educated, not alone in books but in the fundamental principles of American Democracy, with its backbone of civil and religious liberty, that makes her real strength.

"Like Cornelia of old, thy sons are thy jewels, dear Old North State. Build high thy college walls and lay the foundations broad and deep for in them lies thy real glory, and the crowning glory of thy people.

Priceless Irritations.

Life on earth would not be worth much if every source of irritation were removed. Yet most of us rebel against the things that irritate us, and count as heavy loss what ought to be rich gain. We are told that the oyster is wiser; that when an irritating object, like a bit of sand, gets under the "mantle" of his shell, he simply covers it with the most precious part of his being and makes of it a pearl. The irritation that it was causing is stopped by encrusting it with pearly formation. A true pearl is therefore simply a victory over irritation. Every irritation that gets into our lives today is an opportunity for pearl-culture. The more irritations the devil flings at us, the more pearls we may have. We need only to welcome them and cover them completely with love, the most precious part of us, and the irritation will be smothered out as the pearl comes into being What a store of pearls we may have, if we will!—S. S. Times.

Never mind where your work is never mind whether it is visible or not; never mind whether your name is associated with it. You may never see the issues of your toils. You are working for eternity. If you cannot see results here in the hot working day, the cool evening hours are drawing near, when you may rest from your labors, and then they may follow you. So do your duty and trust God to give the seed you sow "a body as it hath pleased him."—Alexander Maclaren.

The Battle of Bethlehem, Continued.

By An Eye Witness.

From the beginning of July 1900 we had our first insight to the horrors of the war. The Boers had retired and retreated until they were within a radius of thirty miles of the town: where, as both they and the English thought, would be their last stand.

President Steyn, the government offiicials, hospitals, base of supplies, and general head-quarters were established at Bethlehem, which had been pronounced the capital of the then Orange Free State, which comprised a territory of about twenty square miles.

Day after day we would hear the guns, and, in some instances even the crash of the large shells—dead, dying, and wounded were brought into the town to pe buried and cared for. Reports of all kinds were circulated, some to the effect that the Boers were beating the British back, and others to the opposite. No definite news regarding the real condition of affairs were known until Wednesday afternoon July 4th—just about three o'clock a large body of wounded Boers entered the town from the north and ssembled in front of the court house—here they were met by the government officials, and said that Gen. De Wet was retiring and was preparing to fortify Bethlehem, and if possible, prevent the British from capturing the town.

Then followed droves of sheep, oxen and horses; ambulance wagons; cannons; wagons of supplies; and the rest of the fleeing srmy—all told, about 10,000 to 15,000 strong. The convoy passed through the town, over the small "Kopjes" and hill on the southern side, and encamped in a valley about 2½ miles south of the town. In the mean while the hills to the south, east, and west, were being fortified, trenches were dug, redoubts were built, and temporary camps were struck.

This work occupied all Wednesday afternoon and evening, and at 9 o'clock that night martial law was proclaimed, and patrols rode through the streets.

The next morning (Thursday) everything was quiet, the President had issued a proclamation calling upon the brave Burghers to forget themselves and think only of the "Fatherland" etc., (which fatherland) covered a territory of about eight square miles, and which had been annexed by Britain months before.)

Thurday noon the citizens of the town were summoned to meet President, Gen. De Wet, and other officers at the Court house. Here they were informed that the Boers were going to prevent the English from entering the town etc., and were advised to take their families and as much as possible of their persoal effects, and join the Boer loager. A committee of men was appointed to consider the matter and confer with Gen. De Wet later.

After an hour's consultation it was decided to ask Gen. De Wet to withdraw his troops, and to allow the British to enter unmolested—the reasons for the request were as follows: All the school-houses, and other available buildings had been converted into hospitals, and were already over-filled; food was very scarce, and there was no possibility of any relief until the way was open to Harrismith the nearest railway station, sixty miles east, and which was in the hands of the British; the women and children had to be considered, and being midwinter could not stand living in tents; besides numbers of people were sick. The committee urged upon the general to consider their request, and said that above all things it was absolutely impossible to accede to his request, and that "rain or shine" no one would leave, especially if they had to go to the Boer loager, for once having gone there, no one knew what would happen next, for it was a sure fact that the British would prevail. These things the general quietly considered, and decided that regardless of circumstances, the town would remain fortified, and if by chance, any one being hurt in the event of a battle, he would not be to blame.

Our first intimation of what was ahead of us occured at about 3:30 that afternoon.

During the quiet of the afternoon a loud report announced the firing of one of the large guns on a hill N. E. of the city—following the loud "boom" of the gun was the Brt-brt-brt-brt-brt of the maxim, and Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r of volleys. This continued for about two hours at the end of which time we were informed that the scouts of the advance guard of the British army had come within the firing line of the Boer guns and trenches, and had been chased back to the main army.

We looked into each others' eyes as we bid each other "goodnight" for we knew that the next day would bring with it good or evil—and which—we knew not.

CONTINUED IN JULY UPLIFT.

Honor Roll for May.

COTTAGE NO. 2.

Name,	County.
Thomas Saunders,	Perquimans.
Curtis Hagans,	Buncombe.
Sebastian Richardson,	Wake.
John Proctor,	Guilford,
Bryant Whitaker,	Forsyth.
Hoyle Means,	Cabarrus.
George Baucom,	Harnett.
George Moore,	Halifax.
Volley Weaver,	Buncombe.
John Page,	Rowon.
Bryant Ballast,	Pasquotank.
Earl Lloyd,	Wake.
Charlie Fisher,	Buncombe.
Alfred Jones,	Guilford.
Bennie Carden,	Durham.
Worth Hatch,	Alamance.
Sylvester Spaugh,	Guilford.
John McGinnis,	Wake.
Hobson Martin,	Durham.
Clarence Locky,	Sampson.
Gilmer Miller,	Forsyth.
Paul Benjamin,	Haywood.
IRby Waldrop,	Buncombe.
Harrison Byrd,	Wilkes.
Bezola Poteat,	Gaston.
Leonard Lancaster,	Forsyth.
Arthur Herbert,	Cherokee.
Billy Newton,	Mecklenbuag.
Dewells Nesbit,	Mecklenburg.

Napoleon and Washington.

Napoleon sought to rule men; Washington aimed to serve them. You see the result of the two systems in what is left of them. At Waterloo today you find a great waste desert, in the center of which is simply a mound to commemorate a great battle. But around the field of Bunker Hill sprang up the great city of colleges and schools, and those influences that went out through all the world; that is tne result of the service which Washington rendered in contrast to domination of Napoleon. You find at Mount Vernon a very plain structure for the tomb of Washington, scarcely to be noticed except when one goes out of his way to see it. Napoleon's tomb is in the heart of Paris, and a marble casket hold his remains. Washington's remains are as broad as the continent. That is the result of service as opposed to self-seeking.—Alexander McKenzie.

The Silent Influences of the Physician.

By Dr. J. M. Templeton.

"A stranger reading the glowing descriptions of the health resorts that dot this splendid old Commonwealth of ours, stretching as they do from the ozone-laden breezes of Morehead and the balsamic air of Pinehurst to where the salubrious mountain atmosphere circles about the sun-kissed peaks of Roan and Mitchell and Clingman (to say nothing of Vade Mecum springs and Mrs. Joe Person's Remedy) might well conclude that here he had found a land of perpetual youth and health, where there were no bruises to bind up, no wounds to be healed, where death never came and it would be a waste of time to look for a doctor.

"Your presence here tonight, coming as you do from the sand-shining shores of Hatteras and from where the blue peaks of the Alleghanies look into the chambers of the setting sun' is 'proof strong as Holy Writ' that such a conclusion would be erroneous, for where you 'pill peddlers' gather, where you "sawbones" assemble, there you will find aches and pains, sufferings and sorrows, coffins and grave yards and all the solemn paraphernalia of life.

"Not that you cause these things, but where they are your mission lies and you are found at your post of duty. A mission it is whose duties bring you trials and temptations, successes and failures, triumphs and defeats, censure and applause in about equal measure. It is, too, filled with rivalries and jealousies and sometimes bitterness and hatreds, for in your battle for bread you have to compete with herb doctors and old women and witches and rainmakers, and times come when patience ceaseth to be a virtue.

"You rise up early and sit up late that you may minister to the deadbeat and heal the tramp for a 'Thank yer, doc. till yer better paid,' and often with the thank ommitted. You spend your money for that which is not bread and your labor for that which satisfieth not, in that some of your patrons seem to think that the honor and glory of being spoken of as 'our family physician' is amply compensation for all the time you may give them and the trouble they may cause you.

'Despite all these drawbacks and obstacles, these handicaps and hindrances, there is a place in the social economy of today for the honest, upright physician and all such exert an influence that touches human life at every angle. In proportion to their number, no other class exerts greater influence or is more potent in 'shaping the destiny of States and empires' than that composed of the modest, unassuming medical men of a country, but their influence is seen and felt, rather than heard. It is a silent influence.

"Yet we know that it is the silent influences that are mightiest in solving problems of time and life, just as it is the silent influences in nature that produce its most wondrous results.

'Thus we see silently bursting from the seed the bud, the leaf, the fragrant, beautiful flower, the ripened grain and full ear in the sheaf. Reverberating thunder is impotent, the silent lightning shivers the mightiest oak. Silently from moisture comes the glistening dew-drop and heat and pressure upon carbon gives us the dazzling brilliance of the diamond.

"Even as silent influences shaped and fashioned the great physical universe, so I believe God, working thus, has been gathering under the folds of Old Glory all that is brightest and best in all the nations of earth and is blending it into something grander and more beautiful and enduring than the world ever saw."

Portraying in vivid language "our high destiny," Dr. Templeton stated that "the silent influence of the physician has left its impress through all the ages and, unheralded and unsung, has worked out the problems that modified the whole current of human life and powerfully aided in lifting the race to higher planes of civilization. Yet it has often been overlooked and obscured by matters trivial in comparsion. Thus historians have made the Piedmont campaign of Francis I immortal by saving from the wreck of his inglorious defeat at Pavia that epigrammatic message to his cruel Medicean queen-mother, "All is lost save honor.' Yet on that campaign one of his modest surgeons, Ambrose Pare, wars woking out a method of controlling hemorrhage by ligature that makes possible much of the wonderful surgery of today, and the silent influence of his work will go down a heritage to coming generations as long, as red blood flows."

After citing similar illustrations from the war of the revolution, the speaker said:

"One of the proudest names in the annals of the Southland is that of Stonewall Jackson. A very genius of battle, he, whose foot-cavalry made the Southern armies almost invincible while he lived. For successful strategy and daring his campaign in the valley has never been surpassed, if equaled, and when the battles of Port Republic and Cross Keys and Front Royal are forgotten, Jackson's name will live in the fact that on that campaign he issued the order that all surgeons captured while in discharge of duty should be paroled and treated as noncombatants. As Southerners we glory in the fact that it was a Confederate general who for the first time in the world's history of wars adopted a policy so beneficent and humane. As physicians, we know that order was issued through the silent influence of Jackson's surgeon-in-chief, that courtly gentleman and peerless surgeon, Hunter McGuire."

The wonderful success of the Japanese army was attributed to the work of their medical staff that, almost unnoted, kept the vast array in health and strength through all the strenuous campaigns. Pushing ahead of the marchings columns they analyzed the water and placarded it as healthy or unhealthy, rigidly inspecting the soldier's food and enforcing the details of scientific hygiene and sanitation that for the first time in the world's history reduced the death rate from disease below that from the missiles of war.

Additional proof is lent by the work which transformed the isthmian country from the graveyard of the white man into the wholesome pleasure resort it is today; in Cuba, Philippines, Porto Rico, regenerative work has been done.

"Men who ride through the silent night amid winter's snow and summer's dust to cool the fevered brow of the pain-racked child, to minister in the holy of holies of the home when the mother 'feels for the first time her first-born's breath,' or sit helpless when the last word is spoken, the last kiss imprinted, and the life-current is on the ebb-tide. These form the type of men old Patrick Drumsheugh had in mind that bitter winter night in old Scotland when under the black firs with their icy burden he prayed. 'Almighty God, dinna be hard on Weelum MacLoure,

for he's no been hard wi' anybody in Drumtochty. Be kind to him as he's been to us a' for forty year. We're a' sinners afore Thee. Forgive him what he's done wrang and dinna cwist it up tae him. Mind the fowk he's helpid, the weemen and bairness, and gie him a welcome hame, for he's sore needn't after a' his work.'

"Those true to the class that inspire such prayers are always, everywhere, all-round gentlemen. They realize that the key to the measure of a man is thought. Hence their thoughts dwell not amid the mire and slime of earth but are ever turned skyward to things high and pure and clean and noble. I care not how good our work today, it will be better still if behind the aseptic hand of the surgeon there beats the clean heart of a Christian gentlemen. No low, vulgar, unclean word passes the lips of such, they are foes to all that is venal, base or dishonorable. Temperate in all things, true to the marriage vow, they live, not alone for gold and the sordid things of time and life, but for truth and principle and sweet charity.

"Some such there are in the world of medicine today. They belong to no particular school or sect, or cult. They are the product of no special soil or climate, no political or geographic division of earth can claim them as its own. The educated, gentlemanly physician is the true cosmopolite. It matters not whether he domicile beneath the lion-crested ensign of George V. under the yellow dragon of the Celestial Empire, or his home be shadowed by the starry flag of our own great republic. His sphere of action and influence is wider than any or all of these. It reaches out to wherever pain is to be allayed, or suffering assuaged, or health protected. It is a battle the ghastly king of terrors who garners his harvest alike from the icy fields of the North and the lands of everlasting summer."

Improving the Odd Moments.

The car was crowded and two men, thrown for the half hour into the same seat, fell at once into pleasant and friendly conversation.

"You are a Yale man, I see," said the older, presently indicating the class pin conspicuous on the lapel of his companion's coat.

'I am so fortunate," complacently, "and you?"

"I take pride in having graduated from a district school among the green hills of Connecticut."

"Excuse me, sir, but you asked such intelligent questions and seemed so conversant with the classics, as well as with modern languages, that I, of course, supposed you to be a college man."

"There never seemed to be time for me to go to college. I have been in business since I was a mere boy. I graduated in Greenleaf's National 'Arithmetic' and was tolerably thorough in the other so-called common branches when I left the district school; and our minister, who was one of the town committee, got me a place in his brother's store in the nearest city.

"The minister was a good, fatherly sort of a man, a real pastor; and appreciating how strange his lambkin would feel in his new pasture, he went with me and remained for a few days' visit until I became used to the place. He was one of the sort of ministers who do their preaching in the pulpit and out of it enter into the every-day lives of each individual in their church family.

"During our short journey across country (for he carried me with his own reliable horse and chaise) he dropped into my mind a good many seedling ideas as to the value of time. Taking a newspaper, he showed me the pettiness of the trivial daily happenings that it chronicled, and taught me to take a hasty view of the telegraph news and editorial page, by which I could keep up with the times by the expenditure of a very few moments each morning.

"'You are going into business,' he said, 'and your cousin Theodore goes to a school to get fitted for college. Now, if you so choose, you may at forty be as scholarly a man as he."

"When I looked puzzled, and no doubt incredulous, he took a small volume of miscellaneous essays from his pocket and went on with his talk, saying:

"'You are fond of reading. Now, instead of spending your time, your precious odd moments, over gossipy newspapers and trashy novels, master the contents of this book; do not merely go through it in a cursory fashion, but master it, so that you could pass an examination of its contents with credit to yourself and to the friend who has so much confidence in your ability that he presents it to you as the nucleus of a future library. If you desire books for reference or for further study you will find them in my brother's library, for I have arranged that you are to board in his family.'

"I took the book gratefully, but with a mingled feeling of curiosity and dismay, I remember; but that very night I found time to dip into it, and ever since I have found more or less time every day for study. My library, of which indeed that little volume was the beginning, is something of a curiosity, as it is largely made up of pocket editions. Much of the time I have boarded outside the city, and going back and forth by train I have spent the time of transit in study.

"That first little book was suggestive. It led me to study the Bible, or to keep up my study, begun at home with a devout grandmother, at the Sunday-school and at the district school, for each morning's session in those days was begun with a general exercise of prayer, praise and reading of the New Testament, in which the teacher catechised us as thoroughly as in our geography.

"It was quite a long time before I mastered the little volume so that I understood every allusion; but when I had arrived at that point I had acquired a love for study and a knowledge of the fact that nothing is small or of little importance. The seed is at the root of the ripened harvest, and those garnered moments were my seed time of study.

"I have told this story a great many times to a great many young people. I like to buy suggestive books and to give them away. I do it as interest paid for the little volume of essays, and in memory of my dear old pastor, who never outlived his love for the young or his interest in their advancement.

"According to your theory," said the college man, who had been an interested listener, "any one with a thorough common school education as a basis and a realization of the value of odd minutes may attain to almost anything in the way of education."

"Nothing is more true; yet I do not by any means belittle the advantage of a university course, but I do say, make the most of the common school; magnify the work of the teacher of the common school; put none but the best into that position, and impress them with the the fact that they have under their care, from day to day, the future men and women that are to hold this United States of America as a nation."—Mrs. Annie A. Preston.

If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small, too small to be worth talking about, for the day of adversity is its first real opportunity.—Babcock.

Cabarrus County

[The following sketch of Cabarrus county was prepared by Mr. John A. Barnhardt, one of the County Commissioners, and is here reprinted as a matter of more than local interest.]

Cabarrus County was formed in 1792 from Mecklenburg and was named in compliment to Stephen Cabarrus—Speaker of the house from Chowan county. Mr. Cabarrus was a native of France, a useful and honorable man. The eastern portion of Mecklenburg county was settled by Germans from Pennsylvania while in the western part Scotch-Irish largely predominated. In those days there was annually held what was called the "July Muster," citizens met at some central point for several days for military duty. Eastern Mecklenburg, now Cabarrus spoke their native tongue—German—and the officers in giving commands would do so in German and were laughed at by the Scotch-Irish element. Angered by this treatment they caused the new county, Cabarrus to be formed. The next generation were taught English but for some years in Eastern Cabarrus Divine services were held in churches as follows, the minister spoke in German one Sabbath for the older persons and on the next Sabbath in English for the young members. We now have in Cabarrus inhabitants that speak with the German brogue.

Population census, 1850 was 9,747; 1890, 18,142; 1900, 22,456; 1910, 26,240. Showing a healthy steady increase.

Property listed for taxation June 1st 1910:

Personal property - -	2,661,734.22
Real estate - - - -	4,442,097.00
Total listed for taxation	7,103,831.22

The actual value is about twenty million dollars. Cabarrus county has three banks showing:

Paid in capital and surplus - - - - -	322,500.00
Total deposits - - -	1,272,673.00
Total resources - - -	1,746,000.00

Has three building and loan associations, showing $280,000.00 resources. Has one Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Co. with insurance on farm property only, one million dollars. She has about 50 miles of macadam and graded roads. The national highway from New York to Atlanta runs directly across the county.

Automobile travelers say the finest stretch of road between Washington and Atlanta is in Cabarrus Co. We have 20 steel and iron bridges across our creeks and rivers. About 15 cotton mills are operated which represent an outlay of five million dollars to build and equip them. The land in Cabarrus is well adapted to agricultural purposes, cotton corn wheat and oats being the principal crop grown for market, also is suited to truck raising and grasses Cabarrus county is rich in minerals. The first gold mine discovered in N. C. was the Reed Mine. The first gold was discovered in 1799 and in 1803 a solid piece weighing 28lbs was found. Various other pieces weighing from 1 to 16 lbs were taken from the same mine. In 1799 Conrad Reed a boy about 12 years old went to a small stream called "Meadow Creek" to shoot fish with bow and arrow, while so engaged he saw a yellow substance shining in the water. He picked it up and finding it to be some kind of metal carried it home. Showing it to his father, Mr. Reed carried the metal to Concord and showed it to a silver smith, but he not thinking of gold was unable to say what it was. Mr. Reed kept the piece for several years on his house floor, to lay against the door, to keep it from shutting. This piece was about the size of a small smoothing iron. Afterwards he carried it to Fayetteville when he went to market and sold it at what he thought a big price three dollars and fifty cents. In later years gold was successfully mined at different places. The Phoenix and Pioneer Mills mines were operated for years. At the last named mine the first stationary steam engine in this section of the country was placed and was hauled from Petersburg, at that time, the nearest railroad point. The "Gunpowder Plot" or Black Boys of Cabarrus" was enacted about 3 miles west from Concord on the Phifer Hill, where eight men and boys blacked themselves and blew up 4 wagon loads of munitions of war consisting of gunpowder flints, and blankets etc., belonging to the British and was being hauled by wagons from Charlotte to Hillsboro. These men and boys were raised and came from what was known as the Rocky River settlement, where existed as much of the true spirit of patriotism as ever was found and where not a Tory was ever "born or breathed." They had to flee their country to escape punishment. Concord is the county seat with a population of about 9 thousand souls. When the county was formed there arose a contention as to where the county seat should be, one faction wanted it at what was called "The Old Field" a point some two miles south, while another faction wanted it about two miles north of the present location. There was a crossing of public highways about midway between these two points which was agreed upon and named Concord, which means agreement.

Last but not least Cabarrus can say the Jackson Training School is located on her soil, where boys under 16 years of age, convicted of crime instead of being placed with old and hardened criminals are sent and instructed, trained and kept with the intention of making them useful citizens in later years. This is a state institution but is partially recognized, supported and cared for by private funds. Much good has already been accomplished in its few years of existence and every one wishes it God Speed.

Making the Army a School.

We are rather favorably impressed by a proposal which Gen. Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the army, makes to encourage short-term enlistments instead of seeking to hold soldiers for the longest possible time. General Wood points to the character of the German army as a popular military college, with a permanent force of officers and sub-officers but a constantly changing force of men. Enlistment for six months, he thinks, would attract many young men who have no desire to enter the army as a career. By this means the army would become valuable to the country as a training school for men returned to civil life against the time of possible need. There would be created the material for a virtual reserve, and the army would not face the all but impossible task, if war arose, of assimilating raw recruits wholesale at the very start.

The proposed six-months enlistment as a matter of military policy looks good. But the army's worst needs recognized by nearly all army officers for years, are those indicated in the House resolution introduced by Representative Kahn. As Mr. Kahn declared, troops divided into tiny units scattered all over the country and never learning to maneuver by brigades or even battalions cannot possibly represent the military equivalent of one hundred million dollars a year. Congress should abolish the numerous "political army posts" which it has established and do for the army what recent experience on the Mexican border would dictate even if no abuses had been known to exist before.

The Old Black Mammy.

By William Laurie Hill.

One of the sweetest memories connected with home life in the old South is the old black mammy, and the children and grand-parents who were protected and cared for by the faithful slaves of the sixties, should have both love and pity in their hearts for their descendents, although many of them are unworthy of their unlettered ancestors.

The old black mammy was an autocrat in a Southern home. With eagle eye did she watch over the sons and daughters of the home, and her commands were as strictly obeyed as were those of the parents.

To her did the house maids and even the cook, pay due respect, and "the house boy" was her faithful slave. Well do I remember mammy Martha, who carried in her arms every one of mother's children, watched them grow up into young manhood and womanhood, and was as strict in requiring obedience as the head of the house. There was a standing rule that the boys should come in off of the street in the summer evenings by 8 o'clock, bathe their feet, and be ready for bed by 9. In absence of mother, if we presumed to overstay over time, we had to settle with Mammy Martha and Doctor Peach, who lived in the orchard, was called to enforce her commands.

The old Black Mammy was very critical in her judgment when the girls of the family began to receive attention from men.

I can hear her now saying to the mother, "Miss Sarah, you better be watching your eldest girl; de boys is takin' notice, and if you don't be keerful dere will be bad blood in dis family."

They were great on "blood," and were not slow in giving an opinion often quoting the saying of the old Virginia stock breeder, "if the daddy trots, and the mammy trots, you can't expect the colt to pace."

The Old Black Mammy was a member of the family and was often advised with for no one in the household knew the abilities, temperament and character of each child better than she did, and her judgment as to character was almost infallible.

A sad feature of the Southern life of today is the almost obliterated Black Mammy.

Occasionally we see a red or white turbaned head and black face, that takes us back to the old days, but they are rare, and now when we meet a genuine one we feel like taking off our hat to her, and if we are particular blue, we would like to put a throbbing head into that lap and having a good cry, hear her say, "Don't cry chile, unless you jess tryin' ter make a rainbow."

One summer afternoon our old Mammy Martha passed away from us into the bright home of the Redeemer. Fortunately all the children were at home and two of them reached home the very day she died. How anxious she was to live long enough to see and take leave of us all and the youngest of the children kept a watch upon the road to tell her when the old stage came in sight that was bringing the absent ones.

We helped to lay her weary body to rest and the sun was setting behind the distant woods, the closing hymn was sung, "Why Do We Mourn Departed Friends?" and Mammy Martha was at rest until resurrection dawn.

The Destructive Course.

The Charlotte Evening Chronicle.

In this week's issue of Charity and Children, Editor Johnson talks in his leading editoral on a timely subject and gives pause to those who are inclined to tear down. He says a great many questions have been settled by giving them an airing in the newspapers; but other questions have been confused, and sometimes institutions have been injured by writers, not fully informed, rushing into print with out careful consideration of the matters involved. We have a case in point as we write. A brother beloved, a clear thinker and a perfectly honest man sends us an attack on an institution that is wholly undeserved. Yet he is entirely sincere, and, from his standpoint, entirely right. The trouble is he has investigated only one side of the question he discusses, and there is another side. This is generally true, and for this reason it is usually dangerous to discuss any question in the spirit of dogmatism and with the mind closed to the light. The fact is, the partisan spirit is the wrong spirit in which to discuss any question. The truth is rarely if ever advanced by the man who pursues the destructive course. Zeb Vance once said in our hearing that a man with a good keen axe can cut down an oak tree in two hours that took a hundred years to grow. It is so much easier to destroy than to upbuild. "Now," concludes Charity and Children, "if you are tempted to sit down and tear something or somebody to pieces, stop for a little while and think on these things. Publicity is always a good remedy for wrong doing, but some things are not wrong that look so under the impulse of the moment." Advice of this kind is worth passing along. It not infrequently occurs that ill-tempered and ill-timed articles are submitted to The Chronicle for publication, and in such cases we invaribly explain to the writer why it would not be advisable to print the article. In nearly every case, he is brought to see the matter in the proper light and on reflection is even glad that he did not "rush into print." Once in awhile there will be an obstinate case who will leave in a huff, but that makes no difference to us. His article does not get in. We have broken some of them of the habit of running to this shop to have us expose their sore toes to the public.

Unfair to Teachers.

A dispatch from Franklin, Pa., says that Miss Anne X. Walker has completed her 49th year as a teacher there. For 43 years, or since 1868, she has taught in one building and for 22 years in one room. She announced to the board that she would not be an applicant for next year, but the board will not permit her to sever her connection with the schools Next week she will be elected general supply teacher at a moderate salary, and it will not be necessary for her to work more than 30 days in the year.

It is estimated that Miss Walker has taught more than 2,000 pupils.

This is a remarkable record—one that is appreciated only by a few people or some provision would be made to properly care for a woman who has given the best years of her life to training children. In her old age the state should care for her. One is constructive the other is destructive.

Adequate pensions and homes are provided for old soldiers on the theory that they have rendered the country a service; but very little is being done for women who have worn out their lives in the schoolroom. In Virginia a pension system has been established for teachers, but it is inadequate and is a drain on the small salaries they receive, for they are required to contribute 1 per cent of their pay to it.

Who has rendered the country the greatest service, the soldier who killed 2,000 of the enemy or the woman who has taught and trained 2,000 children?—Newport News Times-Herald.

The Tuberculosis Problem.

In a paper submitted to the North Carolina Medical society in session in Charlotte this week, Dr. M. Eugene Street, of Glendon, hit some hard blows delivered straight from the shoulder. He was discussing "Some Phases of the Tuberculosis Problem," and what he said is worthy of attention and serious consideration, for he is a man who has won his spurs as a successful physician. He is therefore qualified to speak. Hear him:

Tuberculosis is a disease stalking in our state and claiming its victims by thousands yearly. There are some problems before us as to how we shall prevent this.

The disease has been so much neglected and so little understood that the average practitioner has an idea that it cannot be successfully treated except by an expert. Nothing in the field of medicine is farther from the truth.

The average tubercular patient is as well off under the care of the average practitioner, if the doctor understands the management of tuberculosis, as he is in the hands of the average tuberculosis expert. The problem presented here is how to get the average practitioner to realize that he can treat tuberculosis successfully. Of course, it is understood that I speak of the disease in the early stage—in the curable stage the successful treatment of tuberculosis no more requires a special climate, an elaborate labratory with microscopes, x-ray machines, ozonizers, spraying apparatus, hypodermic syringes and other equipment of like character than does the successful treatment of smallpox, measles, typhoid fever, dysentery, pneumonia, cholera infantum or any other common disease.

The quack methods and the Charlatanism of many so-called tuberculosis experts has, I am ashamed to have to admit, got most of our average practitioners bluffed to a standstill. The bluff has worked as effectually on most of them as it has on the average layman, and it is a disgrace to the medical profession, for it is costing many, many lives annually, as well as providing an endless succession of new cases of tuberculosis. No physician worthy of the name of doctor can afford to remain longer in such dense ignorance and retain his self-respect, for the laity is being educated along this line and the physician who fails to timely diagnose and properly manage pulmonary tuberculosis is going to be discredited and disgraced. May that time come soon! How can we hasten that day? I know one man who had been to one of the tuberculosis sanitoria where a lot of hoodooism was employed, who later on went to see one where the hygienic-dietetic treatment alone is employed. At this sanitarium he gained very rapidly and was taught how to live to get well. He admitted he gained health, weight and strength at this sanitarium very rapidly, but he left the institution indisgust, nursing a great big grievance because they did not give him treatment enough there. The end of the story is that a little later he quit his foolishness and adopted a mode of living that he is today a well man working and carrying on all of his business just as though he had never had tuberculosis nor been a fool.

The responsibility for existing conditions is a phase of the tuberculosis problem that should not be past, and I wish to say that the general public is getting a great deal more out of the physicians of the state along the line of the prevention and cure of tuberculosis than is being paid for. While there is more of the milk of human kindness in the doctors as a class than in any other class of men they also have the limitation imposed by human nature, and when the people recognize the great value of the endeavor for the cure of tuberculosis that the physicians are engaged in and are willing to pay for the work.

School Morality.

In the struggle for better conditions the element of primary education ought to, and might, play a tremendous part. President Eliot, about ten years ago, arraigned the public schools on their failure to instill moral principles in those they trained for life and citizenship.

Judge Lindsey, in a recent article on "The Public School and Morality," makes a strong plea for the direct teaching of ethics in the schools as a preparation for citizenship. Fear, he holds, enters too much into school discipline. A scholar lies because he fears the teacher, and there would be better results if the scholar could think of the teacher, even after misconduct, as the friend instead of the avenger. This teaching of ethics he looks upon as more important for the future of the scholar and of the country than grammar or arithmetic, and he advocates frequent talks and conferences between teacher and scholars on "Our Duties to Each Other," "Truthfulness," "Usefulness," "The Absurdity of Hate," "Kindness and Gentleness," "Money and Manhood," "Evil Associations," "Evil Thoughts," "Evil Talk," "Public Service," "A Pure Life," etc.

Judge Lindsey is not alone in his contention and it is not too much to expect some such programme put into force universally in our public schools—of the lower grades, at least—before many years have passed.

A Thought for the Week.

A little thought will show you how vastly your own happiness depends on the way other people bear themselves toward you. The looks and tones at your breakfast table, the conduct of your fellow workers or employers, the faithful or unreliable men you deal with, what people say to you on the street, the way your your cook and housemaid do their work, the letters you get, the friends or foes you meet—these things make up very much of the pleasure or misery of your day. Turn the idea around, and remember that just so much are you adding to the pleasure or the misery of other people's days. And this is the half of the matter which you can control. Whether any particular day shall bring to you more of happiness or of suffering is largely beyond your power to determine. Whether each day of your life shall give happiness or suffering rests with yourself.—George S. Merriam.

If you are going to Greensboro you will find no better place to stay than

THE GUILFORD.

It is the pride of the Gate City, and an ideal home for the traveling man or woman who discriminates.

If you are going to Charlotte you will find no better place to stay than

THE SELWYN.

It is the pride of the Queen City, and an idea home for the traveling man or woman who discriminates.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

By Charles Lamb.

Charles Lamb was born at London in 1775. His most successful writings are the "Tales from Shakespeare" (written in callaboration with his sister), and his "Essays of Elia." Lamb died in 1834.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days--
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies--
All, all, are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women ;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her--
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man ;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I pace round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces--

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed --
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Pure Lithia
Water!
If You Need
Pure and
Uncontaminated
Lithia
Water
Write to
The
Lincoln
Lithia
Water
Company,
Lincolnton, N. C.,
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and Information.

Prof. N. W. Walker

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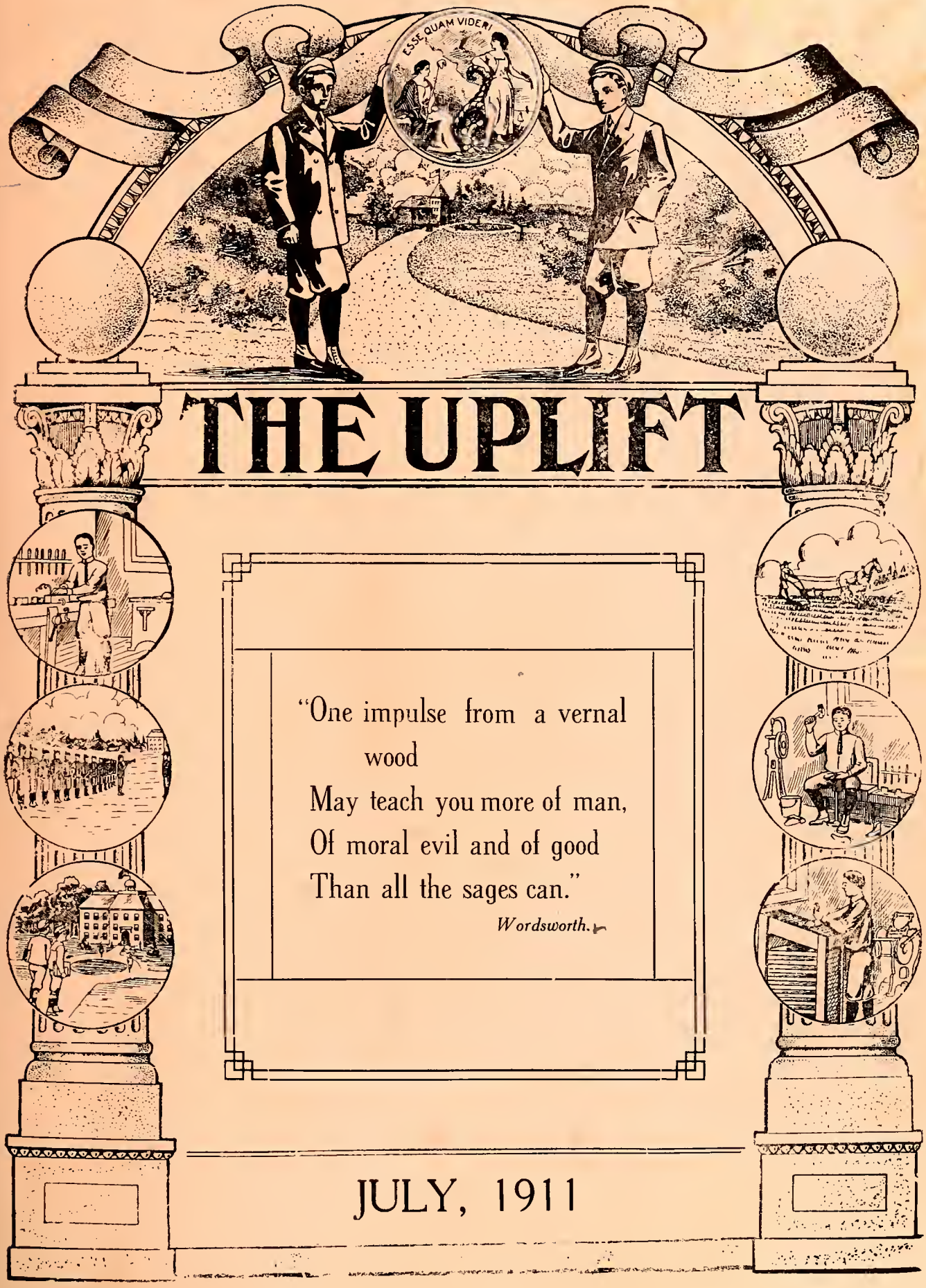

THE UPLIFT

"One impulse from a vernal
wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can."

Wordsworth.

JULY, 1911

Bottle the Sunshine.

Bottle the sunshine up, my dears,
And lay it safe away;
Hammer the cork in good and tight,
Keep for a rainy day.
For clouds will come and showers will fall,
And earth and sky look sad;
Then fling the cheery rays about,
And make the old world glad.

Bottle the sunshine up, my dears,
Sweet temper lay away;
Carry through life a smiling face,
And let your heart be gay.
There's sorrow plenty in the world,
And strife and bitter pain;
So line the clouds with golden beams
And sing a glad refrain.

---Lizzie de Armound.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. III. CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY, 1911 No. 2.

A Monthly Journal Published by the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School

A Speech to North Carolina Editors.

By F. A. Linney.

I do not know why I have been selected to address you on this occasion unless it is to promise the visiting members of your association a nol pros for all their misdemeanor while in the mountains. Every solicitor in the state could easily make that promise to the editors of North Carolina without the least danger of having to blot his docket. We welcome you high up in our mountains, close to the sun in His burning, where the altitude changes the heat of the noon day sun into the soft mellow light of the twilight; where the tempered light of the forest is like a perpetual morning; where the pressure from without is the least and the pressure from within the greatest and the soul becomes self-expressive.

May your visit be a pleasure and profit to you and to us. The dwellers in "this cave country" have been cut off and isolated from the other parts of our state until we have become strangers. Our people know more of Nashville than they do of Raleigh; Chattanooga than they do of Greensboro, and we did know more of Bristol than we did of Salisbury even before Prohibition went into effect. Let me tell you something about this great cave country of ours. It is rich in mythology, rich in history, in citizenship and in her great natural resources.

At the time of Revolution this section of the state was in the boundary of the Cherokee country. It is true in all history that where Nature over-abounds, where Nature excells, mythology is richest. Cherokee tradition is filled with it. They were the Mountaineers of the Indians, and we find among their many myths that when the Cherokees first came to these mountains, they found them inhabited by a race of small men, white men, and these were moon-eyed; could only see at night. I can believe that these mountains were once inhabited by an earlier white race, but I cannot believe that they were moon-eyed. The God of Mercy would never create a race of white men and place them in these mountains and close their eyes to the glory of a Summer's day. If they were created moon-eyed they were not deprived of the power to see by day, but were so made that they might behold the splendor of these grand mountains by night and by day.

In the earlier days of our history the Blue Ridge marked the boundary line of the Cherokee country and the advance line of settlement. The unsettled condition of Indian titles made this the border of "No-man's Land," and this was the Indian battle-ground both with themselves and the advance guard of Western settlement. When Daniel Boone left his home on the Yadkin and followed this stream to its head, he came to the crest of the Blue Ridge and up to this beautiful valley, and here to our right under that old oak, built his cabin. The fact that Roosevelt does not mention this is not proof positive that he was not here. From here this restless, roving, wandering spirit, whose neighbors were always agreeable because he had none, pushed his way through the hostile Indians, by knowing them better than they knew themselves, to the banks of the beautiful Watauga. The publications of the Bureau of American Ethnology says that the word is of foreign origin and has no Indian meaning, but Landen C. Hanes, in his beautiful tribute paid the mountains of East Tennessee, says that it means "Beautiful river." Down this "beautiful river" Boone led his fourteen families from Wake county, and, settling on the banks of this stream, these people became the first of the Watauga settlers. Joined by Sevier and Robertson they became the foundations of the Watauga commonwealth.

Let me tell you something of this Watauga Association. Did you know that they were the first men of American birth to establish a free and independent community on this continent? Did you know that they were the first American-born freemen to adopt a written constitution? Cut off from North Carolina by the mountains they were too far away from her protection, with families to protect from the scalping knife, Indians to fight, outlaws to control and a wilderness to subdue, they learned to rely upon their own independent strength. They formed their written constitution in the early spring of 1772, made their laws and governed themselves. They directed the course of Empire towards the West and led the way. They afterwards followed Sevier to King's Mountain. They stamped forever a distinctive character upon the mountaineer. Today we find the same kind of brave, free and indepent men inhabiting these mountains.

I am glad that the editors of North Carolina have come to visit this county. I want you to see our county and know our people better. We are sometimes unjustly assailed. When you know the true conditions the people of North Carolina and every part of it, have no more loyal friend than the press of the State. A government agent has sent out a recent report that has done great injustice to this people. We sometimes find that our section of the state has been slandered by some over-zealous who hope to make gain by false report. It has been reported that an ex-governor of North Carolina, for missionary, not mercenary, purposes, has stated that children in this county had to walk many miles to school, ragged and hungry and that churches were so scare that many people had never heard of Christ. One ex-governor of North Carolina was hanged. May this one "profit by his example. If this be treason make the most of it."

Go back and tell that we are not objects of charity. All we ask is to be given an equal chance with the other counties of the State. While by state aid, other counties of the state have been traversed with railroads, whatever cost that has been attached to it, we, for years, have been paying our full share, while we have always been forced to take the greater part of our products to other states to market. Think of it, there is not a foot of railroad in this Senatorial district. I believe that it is the only senatorial district in the state, in the nation and possibly in the world with out a railroad.

Go back and tell that we have not only a great wealth of scenery and climate, but that we raise, wheat, buckwheat, corn cabbage just at a time when yours are gone, rye, maple sugar, oats, hay and that our fields are alive with sheep and cattle ready for slaughter. These products the other parts of our state need. Help us to get a railroad into this county and turn our trade where it belongs.

As this county is the highest, so it is the best of the mountain counties. This I can prove by almost every citizen in it. The mountaineer's loyalty is an inspiration. With its wealth of climate has an un'imited supply of water power. The New River, the only river East of the Rockies, whose general course is North, and the Watauga can supply power enough to turn every spindle in the state. Here we have a New England climate in sight of the cotton fields. Here the health of the employee is assured. With railroad development these industries are ours.

With abundant wealth of natural resources and native energy to develop it, we have a citizenship that can't be surpassed. Were I asked how to make the best and most perfect type of American citizen, a brave, true, courageous, independent man. I would unhesitatingly say make him a land owner; a land lord. For then whenever our institutions were assailed he would rally to their defence, because they are his institution made to govern his home and his country. When the flag is assailed, wherever his services are needed, he fights not only for the common good of a great country, but for his country, for he owns it. It is his and he rejoices in his dominion. In the mountains this is our land. The voting population in the county is a little over twenty-three hundred. There are a little over twenty-five hundred separate owners of farms in the county. Almost every voter owns a farm and some of those who vote the voter. If any of our visitors are looking to this side of the house for a fair one, you will not only get a mountain treasure but a farm with her.

The native energy of these mountains is being turned to the development of native intellect. This splendid institution, conceived in the minds of the Doughtery Brothers, made possible by the efforts of this grand old man who sits beside me, (Capt. Lovill) and that one whose picture hangs there, the next governor of North Carolina, (W. C. Newland and many others whose efforts we appreciate, has done a great work for this section of the State. In the establishment of the Appalachian Training School for Teachers the State has purchased more intellect for the money invested than by any other investment it has made. This school has done more for the rural public schools of the State in its short life, than the State University, Trinity and all other colleges combined in the same length of time. The college boy was too well trained at too great cost to sit down with a twenty-dollar school. This school makes first the teacher and then the college man. This school has annually given to the rural schools about two hundred teachers. These have taught from fifteen to twenty thousand children. We have in our county seventy-two public school houses all splendidly built of sawed and dressed lumber, with only one log school house and this we keep only as a reminder of the past. Each school has an average of seventy-five children, with an average attendance of about fifty per school. It is apparent that no school is doing greater work than this one. It has a faculty that is able to take charge of almost any college in the State and run it. It is an easy matter to get teachers here, especially female teachers, since the president of the school, Prof. Dougherty, is an old bachelor of forty years standing.

Stay with us until you know our mountains and our people and while here do as you please. Remember my promise and remember, too that a lawyer never breaks his promise.

Resistance.

"Soul take thine ease; eat, drink and be merry." These were the words of a gentleman the Bible calls a fool. He had made his money, and he actually had it. He did not have to mortgage his property to get what he wanted. He had plenty and to spare, and he proposed to take life easy and spend his money with a free hand. Was that wrong? Well, it seems so, if we are going to take the Bible for our guide. What was the crime in this man's proposition? Simply this: he determined to take off the brakes and give his appetites and passions full reign. He had reached the point where he proposed to resist the temptation to have whatever he wanted, no longer. It is exactly at this point that the poor boy has the advantage over the rich boy. The latter is made strong by resistance; and that is where the blessing of self-denial comes in. It is not pleasant. It calls for strength and manhood and it develops those very qualities. We a ways regret to hear a young fellow say: "I do not propose to go through the world on half rations. Money was made to spend, and I am going to have a good time and enjoy my money while I can." The boy who has reached that point has sealed his own doom. It means a bleak and barren and pitiful old age if he ever lives to reach old age. It means a profligate and worthless life, and flabby moral muscles. Stinginess is worse than extravagance, but a spirit of economy on the part of the rising generation is the most needful lesson of our day. To be able to resist is worth a great deal more than any amount of money. The boy who can say No to his appetite and desires is master of his soul; he who can not say this great word is merely driftwood on the river, and failure is writ large on the page of his life. If ever in the history of this world the power of resistance needed to be cultivated, it is needed today. We are on the brink of a financial abyss. The day of reckoning is coming fast. Our great financial institutions are not prosperous. It is hard for wage earners to make ends meet. Why? Automobiles. If only those who were able to own machines would ride, no harm would come from them, but the country is plastered with shortages that will be lifted because poor folks are not able to resist the desire to fly over good roads at thirty miles an hour We were told a few days ago of a blacksmith who by hard work and close economy hammered out $7000 on his anvil, and, seized with the automobile craze, bought a machine for $3000 and is spending $50 a month to maintain it. He has quit shoeing horses and spends his time and his money riding in his automobile. Young chaps earning $75 a month do not hesitate to encumber what little property they have for the sake of owning a machine whose life at the furthest limit is five years. The country has lost its grip on itself. We have lost the power to resist our desires. The financial disaster that is sure to come is the least of the evils growing out of this collapse of character. The worst result will be the moral weaklings the next generation will produce,

It is honorable conduct of earlier days that is rewarded by possessing influence at the last. —Cicero.

Happy Valley.

By James A. Robinson, in Durham Sun.

"There is not in the wide world a valley more sweet than that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

Seven miles from Lenoir, at the base of the Blue Ridge, is a stretch of valley four or five miles in extent, bordering on the infant headquarters of the Yadkin river, that is a picturesque bit of scenery known as "Happy Valley." It derived its name in ante-bellum day from the absence of neighborhood brickerings and strife and where all dwelt in peaceful harmony and common interest of brothrely love. On either side of this valley the mountains rise and fall in wavy, picturesque outline, rugged and wild. They form a sharp contrast to the lovely picture of nature in the vale below. It is a lovely spot, typical of peace. The sunlight seems to lie so lovingly on the fields and bathe them in rich gold. The Yadkin river, fresh from its birthplace on Green Mountain, sparkles, dances and sings joyfully on its way to the throbing sea. The scenery down this valley is widly beautiful and outrivals anything seen in Switzerland. The restfulness of all nature in quiet repose touches one like poetry. Dignified laurels blossoms primp their pretty heads and coquettingly smile at their own beauty reflected in the mirror-like streams, while the stately trees, like military sentinels upon the mountain sides, far and near, peep, over each other's heads and nod graceful approvals of the rich-blooming scenery below them. This Happy Valley is fresh, free nature in her loveliest mood, ever ready to hold sweet converse with the heart whose chords are tuned in sympathy.

Several fine old-time Southern homes are scattered along the valley at intervals—homes in which the most generous cheer, dispensed with the largest hospitality, may always be found. Among these fine old homesteads might be mentioned the Lenoirs, the Joneses and many others I could mention if space permitted.

I desire to speak more especially of "Palmyra," the homestead of the late Honorable Samuel Legerwood Patterson—a spendid type of North Carolina manhood and whose memory is a holy shrine in the hearts of his countrymen here and throughout the State. He gave his entire estate in Happy Valley, 3,000 acres, to the diocese of Asheville to be used as an industrial school for boys, whether rich or poor. Upon this estate, most beautifully located, is the home, built in colonial style with two wings. The surroundings fill one with the charm of delight, and, as a little child once described it: "It is such a friendly looking house." Angels have come out from its doors many a time before. Now it has been flooded anew with glory; freshly consecrated, made as it were, a place of transfigration—the doorway of a new world with visions of usefulness and manly achievements to the boy whatever his condition in life, who is here given the chance to revive hope and light the lamp of endeavor and accomplish something in the world. Make a man of himself.

One instance. A youth of tender age was badly treated by his parents and finally thrown upon the world with the hope in his heart well-nigh smothered. His impressions were that the world was against him, and he was daily steeling his heart against all mankind and the gentler influencer that uplift humanity—becoming a veritable Ishmælite. Without a penny, without warm-hearted friends, he was induced to enter this school and offered the opportunity to work his way through. This opened a new and heavenly vision to his soul, as miraculous as the one Paul saw. The gates of opportunity swung wide open and he beheld a new world—a world of loveliness, beauty and usefulness he never dreamed—and that boy is training for the ministry, and if he is spared is destined to be a man of power and usefulness.

This school is in chage of a committee from the Asheville diocese. Rev. Malcom Taylor is headmaster and Rev. A. S. Lawrence is principal. The postoffice is Legerwood, thus honoring the donor. Mr. S. L. Patterson, by taking his middle name. Scholastic year the school had 30 boaders with a number of day scholars. A man of 30 years of age rides down from the distant mountains daily and is here drinking from this educational fountain and strengthening himself for the fierce conflict of of life. So the work goes. The seed that Mr. Patterson has sown is blossoming and ripening into glorious fruition.

My! My! What an opportunity to broaden and strengthen this school. It needs the Midas touch of some philanthropic hand—or many of them—to enlarge its capacity and extend its usefulness. It needs aroused interest in its work and the means to make it what it should be—a blessing to the rising generation of all classes. The rich boy can pay his way, but here he will learn the lessons of econemy and thrift. The poor boy can work on the farm and carry himself through—and all meet, study and climb the ladder of self-improvement in a sweet-spirited community, far from the allurements, vices and bustle of the crowded cities.

I am told the work is carried on very much as Mr. Patterson wished. What a lasting monument to his memory would it be if this industrial school was equipped with funds to erect more buildings, add new advantages and push it forward in its great work and extensive field for usefulness. Whose heart will open to the beauties of Happy Valley in this work? Whose hand will plant more roses there and thus keep fresh and green the memory of one of the best and most useful citizens Caldwell county ever produced, and through this institution, which is the child of his brain, disseminate knowledge and industry through the coming generations; aid the poor; help the weak; purify and glorify the strong, and make the peculiar blessings of "Happy Valley" flow through the southland like a refreshing river, giving joy and gladness to hearts that only need the touch of its benigh influences.

This is not a paid article. The managers of the school do not know it is written. But I do it in the interest of education and in the hope that it will result in giving this institution a new financial impetus. The press of the State would do a most laudable act by copying this article and give wide publicity to the great and grand work this splendid school is doing.

"A doubtful course is always a dangerous course. When a young man or young woman contemplates any proposed line of action with lingering uneasiness, it is generally wise to turn in another direction.

"Everything we endure patiently is a key to something beautiful we never enter otherwise. By the toilsome road of study a scholar learns to get joy out of books and stones and trees. By the hard road of discipline aman learns to get joy out of everyday living."

How Does Honesty Pay?

By Charles Deneen, Gov. of Illinois, in Indiana Boys Advocate.

MANY young people seem to think that the expression "honesty pays," refers to pay in the way of gold and silver, lands, and so forth.

It does only in this way: that an honest person has a better opportunity to be reasonably prosperous, to succeed in the material things he undertakes, than a dishonest one.

A boy in school who is winning his lessons and prizes by cheating has a much harder road to travel than the one who conquers the tasks before him with sincerity and honesty. The dishonest boy may temporarily seem the most prosperous, or successful, but it is only for a short time that these things come to him. His end is exposure and shame.

The great and lasting profit to be found in honesty cannot be measured by silver and gold or by temporal successes. It is found in peace of mind, ability to look other people squarely in the eyes, respect and honor from those who have proved another will not lie or steal.

Not long ago a certain prominent public man confessed that he had been a liar and a thief. For years, although respected by those about him, he had been betraying those who placed confidence in him. They thought he was honorable, he knew he was dishonorable. Riches and position came to him but not peace of mind and conscience. The day he confessed he cried out to a personal acquaintance:

"Now I have peace of mind for the first time in years. Now that I no longer have to sneak, hide and conceal, I can have some rest. Not since the day I took the first wrong step have I known what comfort of mind was."

That is an awful, a heart-sickening confession to make, but it is one of the best illustrations I have ever heard of as to why honesty pays and dishonesty does not pay.

One of the commonest mistakes made by the young who start to be dishonest is thinking that because others do dishonest things they may. "Jack lies to his parents," declares one boy, "and I don't see why I shouldn't," "Jones is robbing his employers," says one man, "and I might as well rob mine."

"Why did you stoop to do corrupt things?" thundered a prosecuting attorney at an accused man.

"Oh," was the excuse, "I thought I might as well do what I saw others doing."

Honesty contemplates no such excuses for dishonesty. Honesty pays no attention to the evil done by others when seeking guidance for its own life. Honesty regulates itself through its own inner heart, the still small voice, and not by examples, of wrong doing set by other people. Honesty lays its own foundations of concrete, builds up its own superstructure, decorates the interior in its own way, and the world has never the slightest difficulty in discovering what kind of excellent work has been done.

Now, in that very thing is another potent reason why honesty pays. An honest person never has to be "guessed." There is never any trouble in finding out where an honest person is. A prominent business man was discussing one of his employes who travels abroad in his work and is rarely seen in the central establishment.

"Why, he's gone eighteen months at a time," he said, "but I never have to worry about him. I always know what to expect of him, know just what he will and won't do. He isn't the most brilliant person in the world, but he never worries me. I found out years ago I could always trust him."

Is not such praise, such confidence, worth more than silver or gold?

A dishonest person, one who has told the first or second lie, immediately creates in those who know of his fault, a suspicion. Just how far he can be trusted is in doubt. It makes little difference whether he is a boy of twelve or a man of forty, he doesn't ring quite true to those who have detected his wrong.

"I would like to promote you," said a banker to a quite talented young man in his employ, "but frankly I can't trust you. You are held where you are only on probation. You may in time prove you can be trusted, or it may be necessary to discharge you; but now you are not trusted."

This is the shameful verdict that falls upon the liar or thief sooner or later.

People who know another is dishonest listen to his words coldly even if they do not accuse him. When telling the positive truth he is yet under a cloud, the cloud of condemnation from the stirrings of his own conscience.

For rest assured, no matter how smiling or happy a dishonest person may seem to be, the mirth and happiness are fictitious. They have no real place in the heart of such a person.

Finally, to consider the least important phase of being honest, I do believe it pays in those things of the earth all people like to have.

Lack of intelligence may sometimes keep a person out of much prosperity, but honesty never did. A boy may not be as bright as comrades about him, but if he has pluck and honesty as his companions he will wrest out of life all the good things coming to him.

His days will be useful in the highest sense of the word, and he may come to old age with the calm and great satisfaction of knowing that his tongue, heart and hands never betrayed either others or himself.

Honesty pays.

Some Common Errors.

The fourteen mistakes of life, as Judge Rentoul recently told the Bartholomew Club of London, are:

To expect to set up our own standard of right and wrong and expect everybody to conform to it.

To try to measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

To endeavor to mold the dispositions of everybody alike.

Not to yield in unimportant trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied

Not to alleviate, if we can, all that needs alleviation.

Not make allowance for the weaknesses of others.

To consider anything impossible simply because we ourselves happen to be unable to perform it.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To live as if the moment, the time, the day, were so important that it would live forever.

To estimate people by some outside quality for it is that within which makes the man.

When the Way Ahead Seems Blocked.

By John Gordon Wright in Indiana Boys Advocate.

Anyone who has watched a big tug-boat breaking a way through the ice on one of the great lakes, for instance, knows what a slow piece of work it is, and how much strength and patience are needed. As the powerful prow rams the ice, the latter cracks and snaps, and great pieces are broken away. But even the great tug cannot go steadily ahead, breaking down and crushing the obstacle that hinders its progress. Sometimes when it rams, there are no results from the first blow, or the second, or even the third. The stubborn ice does not yield at the first battering of the prow, and with its force spent for the moment, the tug must back away, to gain new headway, new strength for a new attack.

That is where patience is needed, when it is necessary to back away and then push forward with fresh vigor, to strike again and again in the same place until at last the ice yields, snaps, breaks, and falls away, leaving a growing area of clear water. Over and over again the tug must go through the same movements, advancing, retreating, gathering force for a new attack.

There are almost as many ways of meeting difficulties as there are people who have to meet them. Students at school know how differently their various classmates go to work at a hard problem in algebra or geometry.

Some, when they fail to solve it at the first or second trial, begin to fuss and fret over it, and end by making themselves so nervous that there is small chance of their being able to work it out at all. They keep hammering away in the same place, but do not give themselves a chance to get new headway by laying the problem aside for a few minutes and coming back to it refreshed by the little rest. In the same class with them are sure to be others who give up altogether after the first or second unsuccessful trial, back away entirely, and make no effort to conquer the difficulty that lies in their way. Still others go at it very much as the tug does, "bucking" into it with all their energy, backing off for a fresh start if they do not succeed the first time, and getting fresh headway and steam by laying the problem aside for a while, or over night if that is possible.

There is a lack of force and steam power in the one who is ready to give up after the first unsuccessful bout with a difficulty, whether it is a baffling problem in geometry or one of the far-reaching sort that we have to face outside the school-room. To give up with only a single effort is to see the way ahead blocked by one difficulty after another for it is only by putting our strengh and vigor and determination into our first fight that we gain strength to win the second and the third.

The youth who has a tough piece of wood to split knows that he must sink his axe into the same place again and again before the wood yields and cracks apart along the grain. In practically every successful invention may be read the story of some man who, undaunted by failures, has been willing to make one effort after another, to strike blow after blow in the same place, to come back for a new trial after seeming defeat.

To fail once, or twice, or three times, is not to be defeated. As long as we have the patience to wait until we can gather strength for a new attempt, and the persistence that brings us back again and again to hammer away at the same place if that seems necessary, we have a good chance of winning in the end. We are not really defeated until we have made ourselves believe it is of no use to try again.

The Man Who Quits.

Charity and Children.

Do you happen to think of a lawyer who left a growing practice to accept some clerical position that paid a high salary but ruined the professional career of the man who was tempted and fell? Did you ever see a great teacher who was becoming eminent in his calling turn aside from his vocation to enter the commercial realm and engage in the fierce struggle for dollars? Do you know of a doctor, who gave promise of becoming a great physician, who heard mammon's call and joined the mad throng of the money makers? Did you ever see a preacher like Dan Matthews who turned in disgust from the exacting toil and care of the pastorate to find sordid joy among the muck rakers? Of course you have seen all these and so have we; and of course another thing: You never saw one of them who did not forfeit in large measure the confidence and admiration of his fellows. Some irreverent politician said: "God Almighty hates a quitter." We do not know about that but we do know that the average man has no admiration for the man who dishonors his profession by leaving it. If a man quits one thing he is liable to quit another, and this want of stability is a fatal defect of character. Of course failing health or other causes over which a man has no control, may force him to change his business but we are not talking about that class. We mean those men who are lured from their life calling by what seems to them greater financial promotion in another. We ought to love our work, and our ability to develop it and make it count for more in the service of mankind, ought to be our chief concern rather than the amount of money we can make out of it. Actuated by these motives we will stick to our business and be blind and deaf to calls from other directions. We have always been sorry for the poor fellow in the pulpit or the pew who is forever keeping his eye out for a better place with better pay; we have always envied the man who throws his soul into his work with such tumultuous eagerness that other things seem to him small and unattractive. Such a man will not only succeed but he will perform the highest possible service of which he is capable.

Don't be too Optimistic.

Do not overdo the matter of being optimistic. It is all very well to hope that things will turn out all right, but do not settle down on that comfortable conclusion unless you have done your best to turn them. Do not fancy that some kindly power is going to counteract the effects of your short-sightedness or idleness, without any help on your part. There are people who call themselves optimistic who seem to think themselves the chosen favorites of the goddess of chance. They boast that their "luck" will bring them out on top every time. This foolish superstition would not be so serious a matter if it did not lead these people to trust to something beside hard work, and careful foresight.—Young People's Weekly.

The Youth with the Right Ambition.

Make your ambitions high. Set your heart on measuring up to God's plan for you. Get in harmony with the invisible forces which guard and foster every noble aspiration, or upward thought. One striving to fulfill an unworthy ambition, must fight against all that is best in the universe. But the youth with the right ambition, has all the forces of good on his side.

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the boys. Subscription One Dollar a Year in Advance.

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Entered at the post office at Concord, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

Five Things to Teach Our Children.

Christian Advocate.

Reverence for authority. The first lesson for all to learn is obedience. It is fundamental. We should have power to distinguish between righteous and unrighteous authority, to recognize the genuine and submit to it, while standing against all usurpations. It is not impossible that we parents may, at times, usurp power over our children. Too often, perhaps, our rule over them is one of might instead of right. We fear their failure to respect our authority more than we fear their disregard to God's laws. From obedience to righteous authority of man they must learn reverence for God's rule. Let us teach them by our rule the right spirit of commanding and obeying. Let us teach them the true ground for authority.

Love of the truth. The love and study of truth will make our children honest and truthful. It will preserve them from error. It will lift them above all crookedness. It will show them the beauty and the deformity of things as they should be and are. Teach them the beauty of truth, the perfection of truth, by being truthful in all your dealings with them. Simple truth in words, in act, in dress, in recreations, and all your appointment is a pleasing, graceful, glorious thing. They will learn the truth by having the true continually placed before them. Pray God to impress upon them the beauty and glory of truth, as against the glaring cheapness of the false.

Sacredness of being. Teach them the preciousnes of simple life, of even mere existence. Just to be is worthy of reverence. Teach them to hold sacred all forms of life, not only of animal, but also of plant life and mineral existence. Teach them not to wantonly destroy any form of creation, whether of God or man. The child must not heedlessly destroy, without purpose, everything it gets its hands on. It must learn to preserve instead of destroy, to build up instead of tear down. The wholesome curiosity that impels children to tear apart to see how things are fixed is not here totally condemned, but this instinct must be guided with care—very much care. From the simpler forms of being, a child will learn reverence for those higher things of human life, of human character, of kindness to animals, of preservation of beauty, of truth, and all things good. Teach the right to live and let them live.

Dignity of labor. Another grand thing to learn is just to work and not be ashamed of it. Toil is ennobling if we pour out our heart in it; only spiritless toil is slavish. This world must be fed and clothed, and we must do our part. Teach children to shoulder this burden with right good will. Teach them how to work. We will like to do that which we can do well.

Purpose of life. This is not so easy to teach or learn. The best we know is to true God, believe Him and know Him as far as possible. To live like the little birds live; to bloom like the flowers; to work like the bees; to live Christ—just to live and enjoy living. Work a little, play a little, know a little, and believe and love much.

Warning to Parents.

Of all the lamentable things to be observed in Gaffney during the course of a day, there is nothing that makes a greater impression upon us than the fact that the very young boys of the town, between the ages of 10 and 20 years of age, are rapidly becoming criminals. And this state of affairs is not so much the fault of the boys themselves, although they are, of course, to blame, but the greater responsibility rests upon the shoulders of the parents.

There is a number of stores in the city where these boys collect, mostly about 15 years of age. They appear just after breakfast and with the exception of a few minutes intermission for dinner they may be found there until a late hour in the evening, oftimes 11 o'clock and probably later. They absorb more filth and dirt on the street than their parents imagine exists. It is almost impossible for one unacquainted with the conditions to have any clear conception of the enormous amount of filth that can penetrate a boy's brain at some of their "hang-outs" in town.

This condition is not at all overdrawn. A condition such as described, only possibly worse, really does exist. And as has been stated, the parents are responsible. No doubt if asked, some time during the day or evening, as to the whereabouts of their boy they would be unable to say. Fighting, lying and associating with evil and immoral companions, what will their ultimate end be? That is perfectly obvious. Stealing, drinking and then a term of years in the reformatory or penitentiary.

Parents, put your boy to work. Take him off the street. If you can't find employment for him elsewhere, get him in the back yard and introduce him to the wood pile and axe. If not that, something at least that will keep him at home and away from the conditions just decribed. This is a true statement of facts. You believe it. Do something about it.—Gaffney (S. C.) Ledger.

The Demand of True Friendship

True friendship has its demands. Those who cast a friend aside for a chance word, or tifling misunderstanding, prove that their friendship was little more than a name. If you cannot give your friend love, forbearance, and loyalty, if you are not ready to suffer for friendship's sake, to take the thorns along with the flowers, you are no true friend. The friendship which costs nothing is generally worth what it costs.—Young People's Weekly.

It is just as easy to go through life looking for the good and the beautiful instead of the ugly, for the noble instead of the dark and gloomy, the hopeful instead of the despairing—to see the bright side instead of the dark side. To set your face always toward the sunlight is just as easy as to see always the shadows; and it make all the difference in your character between content and discontent, between happiness and misery, and in your life between prosperity and adversity, between success and failure.—Orison Sweet Marden.

Freedom in Service.

"I have tried to tell you the noblest motive in which you should be a pure, an upright, a faithful, and a strong man.

It is not for the salvation of your own life, it is not for the salvation of yourself. It is not for the satisfaction of your tastes. It is that you may take your place in the great army of God and go forward having something to do with the work that He is doing in the world. You remember the days of the war, and how ashamed of himself a man felt who never touched with his finger the great struggle in which the nation was engaged. Oh, to go through this life and never touch with my finger the vast work that Christ is doing, and when the cry of triumph arises at the end to stand there, not having done one little, unknown, unnoticed thing to bring about that which is the true life of the man and of the world, that is awful. And I dare to believe that there are some young men, who failing to be touched by every promise of their own salvation, and every threatening of their own damnation, will still lift themselves up and take upon them the duty of men and be soldiers of Jesus Christ, and have a part in the battle, and have a part somewhere in the victory that is sure to come.

Don't be selfish anywhere. Don't be selfish most of all in your religion —Let yourselves free into your religion and be utterly unselfish.

Claim your freedom in service."

Phillips Brooks.

Neglected Childhood.

Judge Oliver H. Allen in his charge to the grand jury at the recent session of Durham Superior Court made some remarks that go to the root of a great evil. He said, "One of the most fruitful sources of crime is neglected childhood. A mistake that we are making is in allowing the children of the community to develop into criminals because we neglect them and turn our attention too much to the punishment of crime that is already committed. A little investigation discloses the fact that these children become criminals because of neglect. I want you at this term of court to determine if there are any orphans or neglected children in the county. If you should find such neglected children it is your duty to report the matter to the clerk of court and homes will be found for them."

Glory to Judge Allen! We have been reading long lectures by the Judges and by others bewailing the prevalence of crime among the boys of the streets, but this is the first instance we recall in which a judge instructs his grand jury to go after these neglected children and bring them under better influences.

There is no use for the jury to say that the thing can not be done for it can be. If the children are discovered better places for them will be found. It is up to the grand jury of every county in the State to perform their duty in this matter and the rest will be easy.

Judge Allen put his finger on the sore spot in our civilization. A large part of the crime with which the courts have to deal is directly traceable to our own neglect of the children whose parents are incompetent or vicious themselves. If they refuse to perform a parent's part, or if there be no parent to direct the child, it becomes the duty of the State to step in and surround the youthful sinner with a better environment.

The day is breaking fast. We are coming to see how we have suffered because of our neglect of the children of misfortune.

The Training School.

The Christian Sun.

Reports are that the Stonewall Training School, Concord, N. C., is full to overflowing, and that more room is sorely needed for others who should be received. The object of this institution is to take the boy who is down, or has started on the downward way, and help him face about, and, if possible, start on the upward way. Youthful criminals, incorrigibles, the ready and reckless fellows are received there, and given the best training under the most favorable conditions.

The State was indeed a long time in coming to any help of this character, but now that it has come at last to see the need and the results, there is certainly no institution that should be cared for with greater concern and interest.

Is it not strange though that the most needy, as well as the most worthy and helpful, institutions must cry loud and long before their plea is given heed? It seems to be ever the case. This training school reaches the farthest down and so helps the lowest up. Its hand goes out for the fellow who is sinking and endeavors to rescue him.

With Charity and Children we do not now see how the State got along without it, but now that it has come and its beneficial results have been seen it behooves the State to enlarge and equip as growing needs demand.

We saw a great farm the other day. The crops were uniform and everywhere good and beautiful. We asked the owner how this uniformity came about. He took us out into his broad acres and showed how he had made all rich and useful and productive by working most on the poor and barren spots until they yielded as the best. A State may learn of this. For best results to citizenship those lowest down need help most and first of all. The Stonewall Jackson Training School helps at the right place.

Honor Roll for June.

COTTAGE NO. 2.

Name,	County.
Thomas Saunders,	Perquimans.
Curtis Hagans,	Buncombe.
Sebastian Richardson,	Wake.
John Proctor,	Guilford,
Bryant Whitaker,	Forsyth.
Hoyle Means,	Cabarrus.
George Baucom,	Harnett.
George Moore,	Halifax.
Volley Weaver,	Buncombe.
John Page,	Rowon.
Bryant Ballast,	Pasquotank.
Earl Lloyd,	Wake.
Charlie Fisher,	Buncombe.
Alfred Jones,	Guilford.
Bennie Carden,	Durham.
Worth Hatch.	Alamance.
Sylvester Spaugh,	Guilford.
John McGinnis,	Wake.
Hobson Martin,	Durham.
Clarence Locky,	Sampson.
Gilmer Miller,	Forsyth.
Paul Benjamin,	Haywood.
IRby Waldrop,	Buncombe.
Harrison Byrd,	Wilkes.
Bezola Poteat,	Gaston.
Leonard Lancaster,	Forsyth.
Arthur Herbert,	Cherokee.
Billy Newton,	Mecklenbuag.
Dewells Nesbit,	Mecklenburg.

A little thought will show you how vastly your own happiness depends on the way other people bear themselves toward you. Turn the idea around, and remember that just so much are you adding to the pleaure or misery of other people's days.—George S Merriam

"The making of friends who are real friends is the best token we have of man's success in life."—Edward Everett Hale.

Baseball as a Boy Should Understand and Play it.

By Frank Chance. Manager Chicago National League Club.

TEMPER spoils as many other wise good young ball players as it does men who might be strong in business if they did not regularly fly into a passion. I like a boy whose veins are filled with red blood, but not with the scarlet blood of unreasoning anger.

I remember a young fellow who was playing in an amateur Texas league team. He promised to develop into a phenomenal shortstop and praise of his work began to reach people higher up in the business. His fielding work was extraordinary and his stick work strong. One day he was quietly investigated by a magnate who immediately decided he did not want him. Why?

It developed that he had an ungovernable temper. In the heat of a game he was often scarcely responsible for his acts, especially if his team was losing. He would curse his opponents and attempt covert physical violence. All this is not only unsportsmanlike, but unfair and cowardly. Big leaders and little leaders in the game do not want it and the public will not stand for it.

The public is the big and powerful judge of baseball, whether the game is being played on a prairie lot or league ground, and the public wants square play. So if you are in the game for pleasure, health, or legitimate business, get rid of all displays of temper. Lose with good grace, and win without taunting or crowding over your opponents.

I remember a player, who never rose very high in the game, who never could lose one without growing surly and sometimes crying. He was properly ridiculed for this, but could not overcome the fault and in time retired from the sport. One of the most popular players in the country today bears this reputation: "He doesn't seem to mind when he loses."

Baseball was never played on a squarer basis than it is today, or with braver, more gentlemanly players in the field. But there is yet opportunity for many petty, mean tricks to be perpetrated in the work. These tricks are more apt to appear in the unprofessionals and country amateur and semi-proclubs, where punishment of such offences is light, if at all.

Get rid of these tricks if you have had a liking for them. If you are only a grammar school boy playing on the nine of your class, make up your mind that if you have got to win by a trick you will leave the game forever. A boy who will be tricky in a baseball will later carry that tendency into school and business life. Whatever is won by a trick is not really won at all.

A certain buiness friend of mine who carries on large transactions in a line where there is much competition, spends a great deal of his time studying the methods of his competitors. He is always figuring on what the opposition is likely to do. This method works finely in baseball. A boy who is enthusiastic over baseball as a manly sport will find it greatly to his advantage to study the methods of play of his opponents. He will find it to his advantage to center his attention particularly on opposing pitchers, catchers, and first basemen. Never allow yourself to reach the state of mind where you feel the opposition has nothing to teach you.

While the general rules of baseball change but little, year in and out, individual methods of play change almost every season. When you detect these changes on the part of an opponent, study them with a view to knowing if your use of them would strengthen your own play. You have every right to take up his form of play and improve upon it if you can.

Baseball, recklessly played, can do a great deal to injure permanently the body of the young player. Where the body is properly cared for, the game will build it up and store much reserve energy for after business life.

A frequent use of the bath by the boy plays how the game, often will do much to keep his body in sound condition. By the bath I mean a little more systematic than merely splashing around in the water of a tub. Before the game, jump into the tub, using tepid water, and vigorously rub every part of the body with the hands, or a sponge or a rough cloth. Work the water and soap into the skin. knead and work the muscles with the fingers, make every pore of the skin have a glowing sensation. Dry the body with a course towel, holding the ends of the towel in the hands and seesawing it across the flesh.

This may seem like work to some boys inclined to be careless, but it has a powerful effect upon quickness of muscles, and what is of equal importance, quickness of mind. The slow thinker has about as hard a time of it in baseball as the too hasty, reckless thinker.

Professional players pay great attention to their bathing and to energetic, selfmassaging of their bodies. There is a grave danger in the excitement of the game and neglect of the body of contracting rheumatism. This is a disease "fixing" or setting muscles and joints, so painful in its character, and sometimes disastrous in its results, that every effort should be made to avoid it. Young boys are more apt to contract it than a seasoned player who carefully watches his condition.

It may be contracted by over-prespiration and resting or cooling off on the ground, neglect to keep the pores of the skin open through regular bathing and massaging; and carelessness in eating, with lack of attention to the condition of the bowels. It may manifest itself through a stiffness in the arm or leg or sudden, painful twitches across the chest and around the region of the heart.

The use of a sweater or a tight-fitting jersey during the intervals of the game is a wise precaution against chill. The taking of a bath and a hard rub down, as soon as the game is ended, also overcomes colds and setting of the muscles. Changing the underclothing that has been worn during the game to dry clothing is also another excellent protection. A considerable drinking of hot water or hot milk after a hard physical contest will noticeably stimulate and strengthen the body.

There is one other thing about playing baseball that ought to he well understood by even the youngest in the game. Habits that injure the heart, stomach or lungs cannot make one a good ball player. While they are doing their mischief with the body they also attack the mind. Any habit which overstimulates the heart, or weakens the power of the stomach to digest food, or makes the lungs feel as if an iron clamp

had been put about them, destroys the power of the mind to act in an emergency as it should act.

In playing baseball that emergency may come in an effort to reach a long drive to right field, or an ugly grounder to shortstop, or possibly a double play between field, second and first, but it is there, and a well balanced body and clear mind is needed to carry it out. Habits that prevent quick and successful action for such plays are expensive. They injure the player's club and they prove he is not fit for his position. When a habit leads to a bad play in baseball, or anything else, it is time to cut it out. Players who last in baseball, who win reputations worth having, get rid of bad habits.

Ten Years of Southern Agricultural Progress.

Baltimore, Md., Aug. 9.—In a detailed review of agricultural progress in the South in 10 years the Manufacturers' Record says this week:

In 10 years the value of the South's farm lands has largely more than doubled and the value of its farm buildings has increased 92 per cent. These facts speak eloquently of the wonderful agricultural advance which in 10 years has caused the value of the South's farm lands to increase by more than $2,821,000,000 and the value of its farm buildings to grow from $651,188,000 to $1,314 429,000.

In 1910 the South had $262,090,000 invested in agricultural machinery, against $167,349,000 in 1900. In 1910 it used $74,703,000 worth of fertilizers, while at the same time greatly increasing its use of cowpeas, vetch and similar crops for the betterment of the soil as compared with $29,006,000 spent in 1900 for fertilizers.

In 1910 the aggregate value of farm lands, farm buildings and farm implements and machinery in the South was $6,786,195,000, an increase of $3,545,065,000, or 109.4 per cent. over 1900. The aggregate value in the rest of the country of these elements of fixed farm capital in 1910 was $29,153,468,000, an increase of $15,037,173,000, or 106.5 per cent.

In the 10-year period the average value per acre of farm land alone increased from $15.64 to $32.48, or 108 per cent., in the whole country, and from $6.88 to $15.84, or a gain of 130 per cent, in the south.

In the very fact that as yet Southern farm lands average but one-half as much per acre in value as farm lands in the rest of the country, and that too despite the fact that the average value per acre of the leading crops of the South exceeds the average value per acre of leading crops in the rest of the country, is strikingly emphasized the vast wealth to be created in the South by the inevitable enhancement of its farm land values.

In the 10 years the value of farm lands alone increased from $2.288,593,000 to $5,209,676,000, a gain of $2,821,083,000, equal to 118.1 per cent., in the South, and from $10,662,440,000 to $23,174,145,000, or a gain of $12,511,705,000, equal to 117.3 per cent., in the rest of the country.

Florida led the South, too, in the rate of increase in the value of farm buildings, the gain in that State being 144 per cent., from $9,977,000 to $24,335,000, but Georgia was close second, from $44,855,000 to $108,483,000, or 142, per cent., South Carolina being third, from $26,956,000 to $63 902,000 or 137, per cent., North Carolina fourth, from $52,700,000 to $113,170,000, or 115 per cent., Mississippi fifth, from $37,150,000 to 79,580,000, or 114 per cent, and Texas sixth, from $110 223,000 to $209,200,000, or 109 per cent. Texas led in actual value in 1910, with Kentucky second, $150,655,000; Virginia third, $137,081,000; North Carolina fourth, $113.170,000; Tennessee, fifth, $108,823,000, and Georgia sixth, $108,483,000.

The increase in the value of farm buildings in the whole South was from $685.188,000 to $1,314,429,000, a gain of $629,241,000, equal to 92 per cent, while in the rest of the country the gain was from $2,871,426,000 to $4,979,596,000, or by $2,108,170,000. equal to 70.4 per cent.

In 1900 the average value per acre of farm land alone in the South was $6,88, and it was $15.64 in the country as a whole. In the next 10 years the average value in the South advanced to $15.84, almost exactly the same as the average value for the whole country 10 years before. This Southern increase was at the rate of 130 per cent, with the average in the country increasing to $32,48, or by 108 per cent. Texas led in the rate of increase in this value in the 10 years. 214 per cent, with South Carolina second. 179 per cent.; Georgia third, 162 per cent; Florida fourth, 153 per cent.; North Carolina fifth, 145 per cent.; and Arkansas sixth, 123 per cent.

Expenditures for farm labor in the South increased from $81.781,000 to $149,463,000, and in the rest of the country from $275,612,000 to $502,399,000.

The South has learned well of the benefits to be derived from the liberal use of fertilizers. In 1910 its expenditures on that line were nearly double the expenditures in the rest of the country, and nearly 66 per cent. of the total. Ten years before the South's percentage was about 54 per cent. of the total. Between 1900 and 1910 the increase in such expenditures was from $29,006,000 to $74,703,000, in the South, and from $24,254,000 to $39,750,000 in the rest of the country. Three states—Georgia, North Carolina and South Carolina—spent in 1910 nearly 60 per cent. of the total spent by the South for fertilizers.

Bearing directly upon this increase in the use of fertilizers in the increase between 1899 and 1910 in the value of 12 leading crops, corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, flax-seed, rice, potatoes, hay, tobacco and cotton in the Southern States, from $771,778,000 to $1,655,933,000, an increase of 157 per cent.

The First Juvenile Court.

Full many a man has gained renown, and brought great credit to his home town, by claiming he started in his own way these juvenile courts that we have today. But I wish to go on record and state that all of these lawyers are years too late. 'Twas in seventy-three that my old man ran a small court on the juvenile plan.

Right back of our house, in the old woodshed, was the courtroom where I often was led. Presiding as judge was my own father, who never had any trouble or bother, but handled our cases with justice grand, while mother stood on the witness stand.

Some one of us kids were in court every week—of things that transpired we cared not to speak—for a hickory stick and dad's strong arm kept many a kid from future harm. Special sessions of court he'd often hold, and impose a sentence both swift and bold. Though many things happened behind our backs, instinct informed us that nothing was lax, for this kind of punishment makes you feel that it's best to stand up when eating a meal.

Though none of us kids grew up to be saints, no one has ever made any complaints. None of us ever were carted to jail, or needed a lawyer to see about bail. For which we thank father, the very first man to establish a court on the juvenile plan.—Old Man Darby.

The Compensation of Old Age.

If one is not happy in his old age, it is not because he is old, it is because of conditions that would make any age unhappy. I maintain that, instead of something to dread, old age is much more enjoyable than it has the credit of being, and a large amount of contentment and happiness is possible to it. Twenty years ago an aged relative of mine, dying at our parsonage, over one hundred years old, and known to many of you, gave this remarkable testimony, "The last ten years of my life have been the happiest I ever lived." She might have truly said what Mrs. Howe once said to her minister, Mr. Ames, whom we all honor and love: "The lower I drain the cup of life, the sweeter it grows. All the sugar is at the bottom."

The sight of an aged person nearing the bound of life and showing signs of failing powers may to the young and strong seem pathetic and pitiable. Sometimes it is so, but less often than is commonly supposed, for there are gains as well as losses. Many an old age brings with it peculiar blessing and compensations, and may be what sunset is to the day, with a charm and beauty all its own.

Now, for one thing, if we have lived wisely and well, rightly using the opportunities coming to us, we have stored our minds with interesting knowledge, so that life has continually grown more rich and full of things worth knowing, which now we have the leisure to enjoy. If we have, for example, learned to love nature, the sense of her beauty and blessing increases to the last hour of life and gives us unfailing enjoyment. The wonderful sky, with lovely clouds by day and stars at night, the sea, the thunder storm, the summer's beauty, the autumnal glory, the winter's snow, the coming of spring again, the birds, the flowers, the waving trees —what an increased peaceful joy they give us when we are no longer distracted by the pressing cares and labors of life. As we grow older, our sensibilities are not so keen, and we suffer less than in earlier years. Old age is no longer fretted by the heats and struggles that drive and worry those who are crowded by duties and responsibilities. No longer influenced by the competitions of life, with their partisan and personal prejudices, nor swayed by its passions, spectators more than participants and taught by a large experience, the aged are more sane and wise in their judgments, and, I am sure, more charitable and considerate in their estimate of the conduct and character of others. Conscious of having committed many faults ourselves, we are more tolerant of the faults of others. We may have, alas! unpleasant things to remember—follies, faults, unkindnesses, and even sins. What would we not give had we not committed them! But I hold that we have the right to be happy in spite of them, provided we have sincerely repented and have done our best to atone for them and to repair any evil we may have done. We may well be humble at thought of them, but God's forgiving peace will come to the truly repentant heart.

One of the best compensations of old age is release from wearing sense of responsibility which is often more trying than the actual work we have to do. Persons holding positions of trust and business men in the management of large interests, or even in their struggle to support those depending upon them, find this responsibility most taxing. Parents feel it deeply as they think of the temptations and dangers which they must train their children to meet and overcome. The teacher and minister, and many others who have important duties to fulfill and are conscientious about them, know what a burden this is. But, when the age limit is reached beyond which these duties are no longer required of us, we can drop this load of responsibility and feel justified in taking life more easily. The children are grown up, are off our hands, and can shift for themselves, and we no longer have to worry about them. No one knows better than the conscientious minister how great this sense of accountability is for the welfare, guidance and inspiration of the young and old to whom he ministers. Nor can anyone else so fully appreciate his sense of relief and thankfulness when he can rightfully drop this burden and enjoy the leisure and rest so delightful after a long and busy life.—Selected.

Striking the Average.

No man is quite as bad as his worst, nor quite as good as his best. The real man lies somwhere between the extremes. It is just as reasonable to judge a country by its loftiest mountain peak or its deepest valley, as to judge a man by his highest altitude or his lowest depth. And yet this mistake, for which there can really be no reasonable excuse, is common even among those whom we deem our wisest and best.

If a preacher preaches the best sermon we ever heard, then to us he becomes the best preacher, and somehow we expect all of his sermons to be of the same kind, and when we find that they are not, we are apt to be grievously disappointed, and sometimes, even to feel personally affronted that this man, whom we have placed on an impossible pedestal, is not repeating his masterpiece.

Yet what we ask is clearly impossible. We are watching a man against his own record, and we forget that records are not made every day. Demosthenes harangued a thousand times before he gave to his generation, and to all coming generation, his matchles Philipics; and he never repeated them. There is only one fifty-third of Isaiah, one thirteenth of Corinthians, one Revelation of St. John.

There are no duplicates of the world's masterpiece. "The Critique of Pure Reason." "Les Miserables," "The Origen of species," and similar epoch-making works bear witness to this. Sometimes a man reaches his highest point at twenty, sometimes at thirty, sometimes at six or seventy; but it is no disgrace to him if he never reaches it again.—Christian Guardian.

How to Reach a Hundred.

Women who desire to live to be centenarians may be interested in reading the rules for such an accomplishment. Here are the observances by which Mrs. Mary M. Scriggens, who has just celebrated her ninety-seventh birthday at Brockton, Mass., says she expects to live to be one hundred: Lots of regular hard work—fifteen hours a day is not too much; abstain from idle gossiping about your neighbors; never flirt, for it is a useless waste of energy; most emphatically do not read novels, for it destroys the disposition—women get wrinkles worrying over the troubles of the heroes; if you have vanity of dress destroy it—the young women of today who are binding up their limbs with hobble skirts are shortening their lives; keep away from dances and moving pictures.—Ex.

Aim at a steady mind to do right go wherever duty calls you, and believe firmly that God will forgive the faults that take our weakness by surprise in spite of our sincere desire to please Him.—Jean Nicholas Grou.

St. John, the Aged.

I'm growing very old. This weary head
That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast,
Is bent and hoary with its weight of years.
These limbs that followed Him—my master—oft
From Galilee to Judah; yea, that stood
Beneath the Cross and trembled with his groans,
Refuse to bear me even through the streets
To preach unto my children. E'en my lips
Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth.
My ears are dull; they can scarcely hear the sobs
Of my dear children gathered 'round my couch;
My eyes so dim, they cannot see their tears.
God lays His hand upon me—yea, His hand,
And not His rod—the gentle hand that I
Felt, those three years, so often pressed in mine,
In friendship such as passeth woman's love,
I'm old, so old! I cannot recollect
The faces of my friends, and I forget
The words and deeds that make up daily life;
But that dear face, and every word He spoke,
Grew more distinct as others fade away,
So that I live with Him and holy dead
More than with living.

Some seventy years ago
I was a fisher by the sacred sea.
It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide
Bathed dreamily the pebbles! How the light
Crept up at the distant hills, and in its wake
Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields!
And then He came and called me. Then I gazed
For the first time on that sweet face. Those eyes
From out of which, as from a window, shone
Divinity, looked on me in my inmost soul,
And lighted it forever. Then His words
Broke on the silence of my heart, and made
The whole world musical. Incarnate Love
Took hold of me and claimed me for its own;
I followed in the twilight, holding fast
His mantle.

O! what holy walks we had,
Through harvest fields and desolate, dreary wastes;
And often times He leaned upon my arm,
Wearied and wayworn; I was young and strong.
And so upbore Him. Lord! now I am weak,
And old, and feeble. Let me rest on Thee!
So put thine arm around me. Closer still!
How strong Thou art! The twilight draws apace;
Come, let us leave these noisy streets and take
The path to Bethany, for Mary's smile
Awaits me at the gate, and Martha's hands
Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal.
Come, James, the Master waits, and Peter, see,
Has gone some steps before.
What say, you friends?
That this is Ephesus, and Christ had gone
Back to His kingdom? Ay, 'tis so, 'tis so.
I know it all, and yet just now I seemed
To stand once more upon my native hills
And touch my Master! Oh! how oft I've seen
The touching of his garments bring back strength
To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.
Up! bear me once more to my church; once more
There let me tell of a Saviour's love;
For, by the sweetness of my Master's voice
Just now, I think He must be very near—
Coming, I trust, to break the veil which time
Has worn thin that I can see beyond,
And watch his footsteps.
So raise up my head.
How dark it is! I cannot seem to see
The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
That murmurs, so, or is it weeping? Hush!
My little children, God loved the world
He gave His Son: so love ye one another;
Love God and Man. Amen. Now bear me back.
My legacy unto an angry world is this.
I feel my work is finished. Are the streets so full?
What call the folk my name? The Holy John?
Nay, write me rather Jesus Christ's beloved,
And lover of my children.
Lay me down
Once more upon my couch and open wide
The eastern window. See! there comes a light
Like that which broke upon my soul at eve,
When, in the dreary Isle of Patmos, Gabriel came
And touched me on the shoulder. See! it grows
As when we mounted toward the pearly gates,
I know the way! I trod it once before;
And hark! it is the song the ransomed sang
Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds!
And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul
Can join it now. But who are these that crowd
The shining way? Say—joy! 'tis the eleven,
With Peter first; how eagerly he looks!
How bright the smiles are beaming on Jame's face!
I am the last. Once more we are complete
To gather 'round the Pascal feast. My place
Is next my Master. O, my Lord! my Lord!
How bright Thou are, and yet the very same
I loved in Galilee! 'Tis worth the hundred years
To feel this bliss! So lift me up, dear Lord,
Unto Thy bosom. There shall I abide.

Memorial Day.

It may not generally be known that Memorial Day was first observed on Southern soil. Professor Washburn and a company of teachers from Boston were engaged in educational work in Richmond, Va., in the days immediately following the Civil War. In May, '66, Professor Washburn proposed that a day be selected for a visit to Belle Isle, for the purpose of decorating with flowers the graves of the Union prisoners there. The plan was at once approved and May 30th was chosen. All the school children, white and colored, were asked to bring flowers the day before; they responded liberally and the blossoms were made up into wreaths and boquets on the evening of the 29th.

In spite of rain and mist the little band carried out its purpose. A large floral cross was placed in a central spot, and a bouquet upon each grave, then a memorial hymn was sung; at that moment the clouds suddenly parted and the sunlight fell upon the cross, about which they knelt in prayer.

The following year the ladies of Richmond and other Southern cities decorated the Confederate graves on May 30th; the next year General Logan, then Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued a general order, setting apart the the day for the purpose of thus honoring the memory of fallen comrades.

Possibly no single act of that day did more to bring together the North and South than the decoration of Confederate graves by those who honored at the same time the graves of the men who wore the Blue. It was a presage of the time, more than three decades later, when, side by side, the men who had fought each other rallied at the bugle call of their common country, in a conflict of right against intrenched wrong. The loving thought of womanhood and the loyal comradeship of manhood are blended in Memorial Day.—The Silver Cross.

Righteousness exalteth a nation. Nothing tends to increase the prosperity of a people more than a high standard of morality.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you a hundred virtues which the idle never knew.—Charles Kingsley.

Killing off the Wrong People.

The president of one of the largest railway systems on the American continent has declared himself in favor of war. His approval is based on the fact that' as he says, war "kills off the surplus population." And he does not stand alone. He is one of those who have heard of, and who talk glibly of the "struggle for existence," and the "survival of the fittest" as the conditions of progress. But grant the theory of evolution, and how does it affect the betterment of society or of the nation through the instrumentality of war? What is war's inevitable biological and social reaction?

What says history? The Roman empire declined and fell because of the degeneration of the Roman people The patriots and heroes were killed off Cæsar's wars, and those unfit for military service remained to breed the next genenation. It was a generation of weakling and dancies. Cowards bred cowards. Fops bred fops. By the certain law of biology the Roman people degenerated, and in the day of testing Rome fell.

So with France in later days. Napoleon called out the best and bravest. From Paris and from the provinces they came. Even the boys of France, courageous and strong, were orderd forward to "stop the Russian bullets." Succeeding generations were bred from fathers unfit or unwilling for military service. Again, in accordance with the fell law of blood and protoplasm, the faint-hearted produced after their kind. The blood of heroes whose bones whitened the ways to Moscow and Waterloo was not in the veins of France when next the trial came. Paris is taken.

Nor did Britian escape. For a thousand years she "strawed her best to the weed's unrest, to the shark and the sheering gull." On a thousand battlefield scattered over all the continents the price of sovereignity was paid. Castle and cottage alike paid that price in full. Widowed mothers and broken-hearted sweethearts died uncomforted because the brave lads they mourned left no sons behind to take the vacant places at home or in the battle's front. The under-sized, the ill-conditioned, the unheroic were spared to breed in the glen and in the city. Their progeny today swell the ranks not of the Buffs or the Black Watch, but of the out-of-works.

Come nearer home. A generation and a half ago the United States suffered a "killing off," the most significant in modern history. Several of the States sent into the Civil War one out of every seven of their population. Some sent one out of every four. Others in the South sent more soldiers to battle than they had voters on their lists. Out of Massachusetts more than 156,000 men and boys marched to the front, and only decimated fragments of their 115 regiments returned. That one great "killing off" took more than a million men and boys as its toll.

And it was the heroes of the American nation, especially the young heroes, who were "killed off." The "skeddaddlers" and the "bounty-jumpers" escaped. The cautious and the calculating took no risks. The mercenary-minded and the men of "the main chance" even turned their country's loss to their own great gain. They urged on the fight and made for Lincoln a very hell on earth. While they waved the flag and cheered the troops their minds were on the profits for themselves in the increased demand for uniforms and arms and in the soaring prices for food supplies and army equipment. None of them were "killed off." Their vitality was not destroyed by forced marches of unwholesome foods. They fathered their ilk for the citizenship of today.

And what of it all? Who can tell what was lost to high thinking and to masterful achievement and to great statesmanship when the boys in blue and the boys in gray died on the field or in the hospital or returned home maimed for life? The names that sadden the wall of Harvard's Memorial hall and the unnamed heroes in unmarked graves - they and those who ought to have been their sons might have lightened every state with the brilliance that once was Boston's glory. The whole South might have been redeemed had the high-bred chivalry of Virginia and Kentucky been spared to reproduce itself in the generation that followed after. The nation slit its own veins and let out its best blood, and in the the places where patriots ought to have been bred, we have—well what we have.

Surely the guilty fallacy of the railway president has had its day. For the nation the law of war is the survival of the unfit. And the nation that "kills off" its best in times of war will find itself at the mercy of its worst in times of peace.—J. A. Macdonald.

The Bright Face.

Presbyterian Standard.

There is nothing that conduces more to the happiness of the home than to find a bright, sunny face looking into ours as we enter the door. The husband comes home wearied and worried with business cares; for bread winners, the rank and file of them, find it hard struggle in these times, when there are so many competitors. If the wife has a troubled look, or an unpleasant one on her face, it only makes his weight of care heavier. But if the light of love shines in her face, it lightens the load and brightens up the outlook. The bright, sunny face in the home is a power for good that cannot be estimated. There is nothing like the cheerful, happy frame of mind which it helps to bring about.

So, dear ones of the household, wear happy, sunny faces, and see what wonders they will work when there are fretting, anxious cares and uncomfortable people about to deal with.—Ex.

Take up your duty, whatever you can do to make the world more bright and good. Do whatever you can to help every struggling soul to add strength to any staggering cause —the poor sick man who is by you; the poor boy in your shop that you may set with new hope upon the road of life that is beginning already to look dark to him. You know your duty. No man ever looked for it and did not find it.—Phillips Brooks.

If you are going to Charlotte you will find no better place to stay than

THE SELWYN.

It is the pride of the Queen City, and an idea home for the traveling man or woman who discriminates.

If you are going to Greensboro you will find no better place to stay than

THE GUILFORD.

It is the pride of the Gate City, and an ideal home for the traveling man or woman who discriminates.

Live in the Sunshine.

Live in the sunshine, don't live in
the gloom;
Carry some gladness the world to il-
lume.

Live in the brightness and take this
to heart--
The world will be gayer if you'll do
your part.

Live on the housetop, not down in
the cell;
Open air Christian live nobly and
well.

Live where the joys are and, scorn-
ing defeat,
Have a good morrow for all whom
you meet.

Live as a victor and triumphing
go
Through this queer world beating
down every foe.

Live in the sunshine--God meant it
for you!
Live as the robins and sing the day
through.

---Margaret E. Sangster.

Pure Lithia
Water!
If You Need
Pure and
Uncontaminated
Lithia
Water
Write to
The
Lincoln
Lithia
Water
Company,
Lincolnton, N. C.,
For Prices
and Information.

Prof. N. W. Walker

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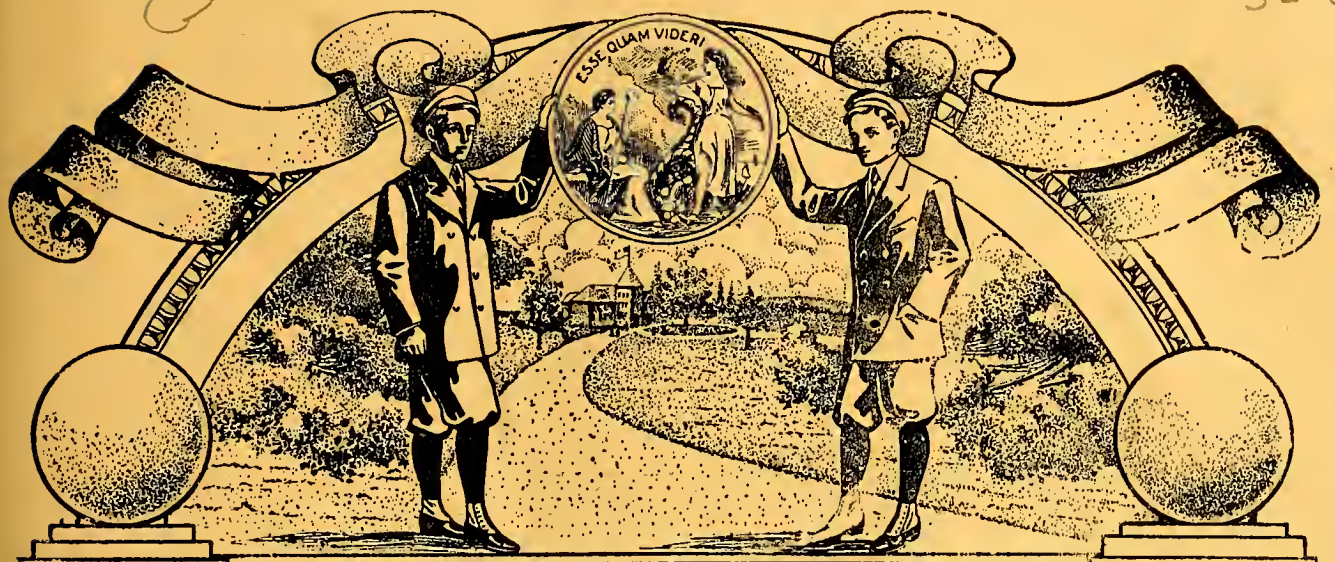
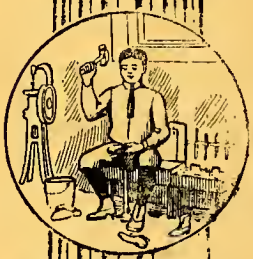


THE UPLIFT



NEIGHBOURS.

THERE is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbours good. One person I have to make good : myself. But my duty to my neighbour is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy ---if I may.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

NOVEMBER, 1911

To the Boys of America.

OF course what we have a right to expect from the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a wealking, a bully, a shirk or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of a man of whom America can really be proud. In life as in a football game the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard: don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard.

Theodore Roosevelt.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. III. CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA, NOVEMBER, 1911 No. 6.

A Monthly Journal Published by the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

J. P. Caldwell.

("Duncan is in his grave; after
life's fitful fever he sleeps well.")
He strove with evil all his days;
He spoke the truth; he knew no fear;
His country's good he held most dear;
Can mortal merit higher praise?

His head is pillowed on the breast
Of his own land he loved so well,
Where those that held him dearest dwell,
Could mortal wish for sweeter rest?
His countrymen preserve his name
Fore'er a fragrant memory;
They speak it softly, reverently.
Could mortal ask for higher fame?

Oh, grave where is thy victory?
Thou, Death, has proved naught but a friend
Most welcome as his sorrow's end—
Sent down to set a captive free.

We dare not question that high plan
That called him from us. But we pray.
To him who gave and took away,
God send us such another man!
Lexington, N. C.

—Charlotte Observer.

The Load of Wood.

The boys were talking about the kind of business they would choose, when Uncle Asa came into the room. As Uncle Asa had tried several kinds and been prosperous in all, they appealed to him for advice. "What I want to know is this," said Charlie. in the course of the discussion that followed: "you have bought and sold a good many things, but what has turned out to be the most profitable?."

Uncle Asa considered a moment, while a curious smile passed over his pleasant rosy face.

"Well, if I were to name one thing which I handled, and which has in the long run proved most to my advantage,—well," said the old gentleman, nodding decidedly, "I think I must say. a load of wood."

"A load of wood," chorused the boys. They had expected he would say wool, or wheat, or hardware, or indigo; and they couldn't believe his reply was queit serious.

"But it is!" said Uucle Asa. "A load of wood, and not a large load, either; not nearly as large as it looked. It was really the beginning of my fortune, and I am sure I owe more to it than to anything else I ever dealt in.

"Tell you about it? Of course I will, if you wish it; perhaps it will help to start you in the right direction.

"It was when I was a boy—about your age Charley; I think I was sixteen that fall. The summer work was well over; the winter school had not yet begun; and my cousin Medad and I were considering how we should earn a little pocket money. My father heard us talking over some boyish schemes and said to us,—

" 'I can give you better than that, There is the oak that blew over last spring, in the mill-pasture. You can cut it up and have all you make out of it.'

" 'But there's work in that,' I said.

" 'Yes; so there is in almost any honest job people are willing to pay money for. But it isn't so hard as you think,' said my father. 'One stroke at a time; so many strokes to the hour; so many hours to the day. That's the way great things are accomplished. It isn't much of a tree; but you'll wish there was more of it before you get through.'

"Well," Uncle Asa continued, "we undertook the job, and we did wish there was more of it. With a cross-cut saw, and beetle and wedges, then with a hand saw and axe, we reduced the tree to fire-wood in a very short time; and had fun out of it too. Boys have only to be interested in their work, you know, to find it pleasant.

"We saw profit in every stick, and had as much talk about the way we should dispose of the wood, and what to do with the money as if we were young millionaires discussing some great project

" 'There's a good deal in the way you pile wood, to sell it,' Medad said. 'There is Jack Meeker,—he says he can take nine cords of wood and stack it over and make ten, easy as nothing.'

" 'Yes,' I replied, and father says he can throw his hat through some of Jack's wood-piles—such great holes! He don't really make ten cords of it in that way.'

" 'Yes, he does,' Medad insisted. 'There's holes through every wood-pile, and you measure so much for a cord, whether they are big or little.'

" 'But that's cord-wood' I said. 'you can't pile stove-wood so as to make so much more of it.'

"We'll see about that,' Medad replied with a laugh. 'We're going to make the most of it, ain't we?'

" 'Of course,' I said, and waited with a good deal of curiosity to see how he would manage.

"He showed me in a day or two. We had an old one-horse wagon; we harnessed Dolly to it, and backed it up against our wood-pile.

"Then we began to lay the sticks loosely in the box, so as to make them take up as much room as possible.

"But they did not fill up as fast as we had expected; for we knew if we packed them too loosely they would be apt to shake down together on the way to the villiage, and so cause our load to sink before we sold it.

Medad looked at the wood in the box when it was half-filled, and then at that which remained on the ground and shook his head dubiously. 'Twon't do!' he said. We ought to make three loads of it; but at this rate we sha'n't make two. I've an idea!

" 'What?' I said, wondering how he was going to get out of the difficulty.

"Throw it all out again: I'll show ye!'

"I didn't like the notion; but he insisted, and the wood was all unloaded but a few sticks in the bottom of the wagon box. With these he began to 'build' the load, as he aptly termed it. Instead of laying the sticks together all one way, he placed a few on the bottom far apart. and others cross-wise on those also very far apart. cob-house fashion. Then he called upon me for more wood.

"But, Mede,' I objected, "this will never do."

"Why won't it do?' he demanded.

"It's cheating, isn't it?'

"It's no more cheating than the way Jack Meeker piles his wood is cheating! Other folks do so. Only we make ours a little more hollow than common.

"I couldn't deny the truth of the argument. And if others made the most of their wood in their skill in piling it, why shouldn't we do the same?

"Still I hesitated. A man might perhaps be excused for cheating a little: but we were preparing to cheat a good deal.

"The principle is the same,' Medad said, when I mentioned my principles (pretty fellows we are to talk about principles) 'It ain't cheating exactly; but even if it is, it's what everybody does, in the way of business. Ye can't get along without it: mebby ye can in the other world but you can't in this. Who tells the bad points in anything he wants to sell? Don't everybody cover them up, and show the good points, and make the most of 'em? Of course they do. Hand me more sticks!'

"I wasn't convinced in my heart and my conscience by this plausible speech. But my cousin, who was a year older than I, had a great deal deal of influence over me, and I must confess that I was a little too anxious to get rich out of that wood. So I merely said, 'Don't make the hollows too big, Mede,' and handed him more sticks.

" 'I'll look out for that,' he said. 'Now you'll see.'

After half of our load had been built hollow, he put our crookedest and meanest sticks over it, then covered the whole with the niee wood closely packed; filling the wagon, so that to all appearances, we had on a fine compact load.

"My father came out and looked at it as we drove out through the yard, and praised us for our industry. 'Well, well, boys,' said he, 'you've got a handsome load of wood, I must say. I'd buy it of you, but I suppose it's just as well for you to

take it to town and see what you can get for it.'

"I think it would be better,' said Mede with a sly wink at me, 'What is such a load worth?'

"Stove-wood like that—white oak solid load right though,' said my father running his eye over the wagon box, 'ought to bring at least two dollars.'

"We're going to get three for it,' said my cousin.

"That's too much,' said my father. 'Never, boys, try to get for a thing more than it is really worth.'

"I knew that he was acting on this principle himself; and I felt some pangs of conscience as I thought of the empty space hidden in that load.

"But I'll tell you what you may do,' he said. 'Drive over to Deacon Finch's store, and get him to look at your load. He knows better than I do what a load of wood like that is worth in the village and of he says three dollars is about right for it, why,' my father added, with a shrewd twinkle, 'get it if you can!'

"He knew very well that Deacon Finch wouldn't say any such thing. And as we drove out into the road my cousin laughingly said that the deacon was the last man he would ask to examine the load.

"But as we were driving into the village we met Deacon Finch in his chaise, and the temptation to play a sharp game on him was too much for my cousin. For my own part, I was feeling pretty sick of the idea of selling the load in its present shape to anybody. And I strongly objected to the proposed attempt on so sagacious a man as the deacon.

"It happens just right; dont'you see?' Medad insisted. 'He won't get out of his chaise; and it's a splendid looking load, as you look down on it. If he buys it he will tell us to drive it to his house, and of course he won't go to see us unload it.'

"So he drove up on the roadside, and stopped the deacon as he was passing 'Mr. Finch,' he said wouldn't you like to buy a load of first-rate white-oak wood? Just look at it, if you please.'

"I've wood enough,' said the deacon. 'But it's a nice looking load you've got; and I guess you wont have any trouble in disposing of it.'

'What is such a load worth, delivered in town?' asked Medad. We cut it ourselves,'

"How much is there?'

"I don't know; haven't measured it, just call it load,' said Medad.

"Good as that all the way through?' queried the deacon.

"About the same,' said Medad,

"Well, from a dollar seventy-five to two and a quarter: somewhere along there,' replied the deacon.

"Will you give us two and-a-quarter for it?' Medad was quick to inquire.

"I told you that I had wood enough. But I like to encourage boys; I'll look at your load.' And to the terror to one of us, very sure, Deacon Finch slowly and deliberately got out of his chaise.

"I don't suppose anything in our looks caused him to suspect our honesty; for my cousin did the talking, and I must say I could not but envy the cool and candid manner with which he carried on his part of the interview.

"You are Mr. Prank's boys, ain't you?' he said going to the hind end of the wagon.

"I am Mr. Prank's son,' Medad replied promptly. 'This is my cousin.'

"Good wood: well split; pretty smart boys!' said the deacon tumbling over a few sticks on top. 'Guess I'll take it.,

"We deliver it at your house?' Medad asked, almost to eagerly.'

"Wait a minute! What's here? cried the deacon, thrusting down his hand and pulling out one of the hidden crooks. 'Is there many like that?' And he began to dig staight down into one of choice hollows.

" 'See here, if you please!' said Medad alarmed, 'you needn't take the wood if you don't like it, but don't spoil our load.'

" 'Spoil your load!" echoed the deacon with an indignant scorn, thrusting his arm in up to his shoulder. 'You wouldn't be afraid of my spoiling an honest load; but what sort of a load is this? It's a perfect cheat and you are a couple of rascals.'

" 'You needn't take it if you don't want it!' Medad repeated more angry than ashamed I am sorry to say. 'We just put it that way to make a handsome load of it; but we don't expect anybody to pay for it till they've seen it thrown off.'

"The deacon did not put much faith in this falsehood for he reprimanded us again sharply as he climbed back into his chaise.

" 'I guess he was about right, Mede,' I said as we watched him drive away. 'We are a couple of rascals.'

" 'Pshaw! who cares? It's what everybody does.' said Mede, blustering; 'what he does himself, every. time he sells goods out of his store It takes a rogue to catch a rogue. We'll look out next time.'

"He laughed scornfully when I begged him to drive back home and reload the wood in honest fashion. But he was shy of making the sale where the squire was likely to hear of it.'

" 'We'll go over to the east village,' he said. 'It'll be dusk when we get there; nobody will know us; and by that time nobody can look into our load.'

"This plan was carried out in spite of my feeble objections. I drove the horse, while Medad went from house to house in the East village, offering the wood 'dog-cheap,' he said, because it was so near night and we wanted 'to sell out and go home.'

"His idea of 'dog-cheap' was two dollars although he tried hard to get three. At last we found a woman who confessed that she was out of wood, and must get some soon, but she said she was too poor to buy cord-wood, and then hire a man to cut it.

"Medad convinced her that it would be much better for her to buy ours already cut.

"But I haven't got three dollars in the world!' she said. 'I'm really poor, dreffe poor!' If you'll throw off half your load into my shed, I'll give a dollar and a half.'

" 'Can't do that 'nohow,' said Mebe; for nobody will want to buy the other half. I snould think not!' he said to me aside, with a comical grimance.

" 'Will you trust me for the other dollar and a half?' she asked. 'I am Mrs. Ober,—Widow Ober, everybody in the village knows me.'

"That didn't suit my cousin's views, either.

" 'Tell ye what!' he said 'Give me two-and-a-quarter now, and you shall have the load; it's too little but we've got to get home.'

"Two dollars and twenty cents was all she had, and Mede consented to take that. The poor woman paid down the money with a heavy sigh; and we threw the wood into her shed.

"She offered to hold a lantern for us; but we were glad enough to dispense with that luxury. I don't know when she discovered what a small pile the wood made that looked so large in our wagon; certanly not until we were gone, for she came to the door as we were backing around she was very much obliged to us, good-night.

" 'That's the way to do it!' said my cousin on the way home. "We'll sell the other two loads just at dusk.'

(Continued on Page Six.)

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the boys. Subscription One Dollar a Year in Advance.

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Entered at the post office at Concord, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

Tributes to J. P. Caldwell.

Charles Phillips in Charlotte Observer.

A friend sent me a postcard. It read: "Mr. Joseph P. Caldwell is dead."

I am glad the friend put it just that way. It was an announcement that Mr. Caldwell himself would have liked—plain, simple, dignified, majestic. The news was not unexpected, of course, but it was received with a tightening of the cords in the throat. The atmosphere seemed to grow colder; a pall obscured the sun; there was a bleakness in the appearance of the horizon; something warm and human had gone from the world and would not come back again.

Avery, Abernethy, McNeill—those princes of the pen—have gone, and now the king has been struck down.

It hasn't been many years since I began work on The Observer. The job I held was the lowest on the local staff. I wasn't particularly conspicuous but I was quite satisfied at the time; pleased at the thought of belonging to the staff of the newspaper I admired most in the world; proud when the Old Man occasionally said, "Well done."

Finally I left and went to work in other fields. I came back for a visit after a year or two and went in to see Mr. Caldwell. We talked of many things. The Old Man looked worried and passed his hand across his brow once or twice with characteristic gesture. Finally he said; "There is a matter that's been on my mind for some time and I've wanted to speak to you about it before. We didn't give you a fair show while you were here and I've felt badly about it. We should have done more for you—given you a chance—but I overlooked it in the press of matters. I've worried about it."

I was surprised and said so. I told him I had been quite content with the place I occupied and that so far from being disgruntled I looked upon my apprenticeship with the Observer as a valuable and happy one and had nothing but affection for every man connected with the paper.

He hastily pulled his shade down over his eyes, as he always did when deeply affected, and I knew that his eyes were filled with tears.

"I'm glad to hear you say that—glad," he said. "I had worried about it."

What I said seemed actually to have taken a load off his mind. He looked distinctly relieved. He began to laugh and tell stories as if something very pleasant had just happened to him.

That was Mr. Caldwell through and through. His anxiety that every man in the establishment should be given a square deal and should be happy in his work was almost painful, and James the colored janitor, could gain his ear with a grievance as readily as Jim Abernethy the managing editor.

The Old Man craved the affection of those he loved to call "his young men," and he had it in full abundance. The knowledge that he did possess it in such measure warmed his heart constantly and made life rich for him. When some incident would remind him how loyal his workers were to him his face would glow and his eyes grow bright with feeling. He would laugh the happy laugh of a man who finds life sweet. At such times he wouldn't have changed places with the lord of an empire embracing the glories of the world.

There are employers and managers of men who make a great show of being stern and hard and coldly just in their treatment of those under them. They love to fancy themselves as masters exacting, impersonal and yet unerringly fair. That wasn't Mr. Caldwell's way. He acted as a father would among his beloved sons. He led his boys gently and yet the the cords that bound them to him were as of steel. His men did not work according to rules but they wore themselves out for him nevertheless. He loved to laugh and talk with his editors and reporters. He would call them by their first names and allow them many priviliges. Yet no man could act familiarly with Mr. Caldwell. In his gayest moments he never lost a certain demeanor that inspired respect.

We called to him The Old Man—not "the old man" in quotations but The Old Man in capitals. He understood perfectly. He knew it was a term of affection, and because we could think of nothing better to call him, used because we realized the futility of trying to put our exact feeling for him into any epithet.

His spirit suffused the entire establishment. His men's love for him created a common bond that made The Observer's staff a rare team. That is doubtless one factor that has made The Observer a power. The men who made it were fond of their master and of each other. They joyed in their work. I have worked in many different newspaper establishments since my early days but I have never seen anywhere else the co-operation and the team work that prevailed on the The Observer. Here and there were minor disagreements and clashes of temperament but the spirit that pervaded The Observer office under Mr. Caldwell was one of brotherliness.

It was often necessary to work very hard, sometimes at long stretches and at monotonous toil, but there were compensations. Who of The Observer's staff will ever forget those rare nights when, after copy was all in, the Old Man would stroll into the Mule Pen from his office across the hallway and pause for a few remarks? John Charles McNeill generally would be there, picking out a poem on the typewriter with one finger but putting it aside when he saw the Old Man's smiling face. As a story-teller and raconteur Mr. Caldwell was unparalleled, though McNeill with his powers of observation and mimicry was a master himself. When these two began to match stories, all engagements for sleep or other occupation were called off for the evening. The colorful Arabian Nights paled into insignificance. Late stragglers, attracted by the shrieks and yells, came to grin and remained to howl. It was laughter such as shakes up a man's entire system and refreshes him like a run in the open

air followed by an invigorating bath. The stories were all home products —rdeolent of the soil, dry and racy and yet healthily, almost riotously, boisterous. And no laugh rang out more heartily, more rich with utter enjoyment, than Mr. Caldwell's. He was not a man who laughed heartily often, but when he did it was with and infectiousness that would have made the late Dante Alighieri pound the furniture.

As an editor Mr. Caldwell took his work seriously. He wrote with earnestness and he could use the English language either as a rapier or a sledge-hammar. He put his heart's blood into what he wrote and though one might not agree with his views and conclusions, one had to admit the sincerity and the desire for truth tl at rang from his every utterance. He was a master of prose to the nth degree. He could turn a phrase with a felicity that was a delight. He could hurl a sentence that was like a white hot spear. When he discharged a hroadside the entire State felt it the next morning.

Always he strove for the truth. He begged his men to be accurate. With tremendous earnestness he urged them to make The Observer so candid, so fair, so truthful, so complete as to make its word authoritative and final.

In these days the average editor of a newspaper, be it large or small, is a wretched thing. If he has an intelligent thought on any subject, he usually can't express it. If he can, he dares not put it down, for fear it will conflict with some "policy" or "influence." He can't call his soul his own. He hires his brains out at so much a week and he writes what he is told to do. I am glad I was privileged to work under a man who could write what he thought. There are few of his kind left. In a few years there won't be any.

We shall not behold Mr. Caldwell's like again. Even his weaknesses had the peculiar quality of endearing him to his friends all the more. He was great as an editor. He was just as an employer. And he was more—he was a man. I write this as a wreath to his memory.

———

C. F. McKesson in Statesville Landmark.

Dec. 1st, 1911.—When it was known that the great heart of Jos. P. Caldwell had rendered up its last sad music to the final chord, the patriotic citizenship of North Carolina, touched with sincerest sorrow and mindful of the great loss to the State, cried out in its wailings,

"Another beacon light blown out above us,
Another buoy bell stilled upon the sea."

After Salamis, and Greece still was free, each of the victorious generals voted himself entitled to the first honor, but all voted Themistocles entitled to the second. Could all the great editors of our State, the dead and the living, express an opinion, certain it is that whoever might be second, Jo. Caldwell would be first. Striking of person, gracious and easy of manner, he was a noble, heroic soul. He knew not fear, yet he was as gentle as he was brave. Under his presiding genius the Charlotte Observer was the most potent political factor in the State. The intelligence of the State had great faith in his honesty of purpose, the breadth and scope of his mental vision' and in the wisdom of his judgment. What wonderful versatility of talent was his ; brilliant, forceful, humorous by turns, and ever kindly, yet, when goaded too far his pen flared into a scorching, burning flame.

He loved and lived in the God-appointed atmosphere of truth and justice. There was a divine quality in his kindnes, his sympathy; and his friends, whatever their weakness, their infirmity, could run to him for refuge as to the downy breast of some majestic bird. He was a patriot. He loved his State, her glorious history and institutions, her traditions and her customs. For these he gave years of toil—yea, he poured out his very life. He thoroughly understood the sublime life of self-renunciation, and in large measure practiced the divine injunction, "Deny thyself."

He was not without fault; he took his stand on the lower side of the line that divides frailty from Omnipotence, yet he ever taught that goodness was more than gold, that character outweighed intellect. Because he stood for a fine, high, heroic regimen, he conquered confidence and has his place among the immmortals.

Without a collegiate education, yet what college man in the State was his peer? Without riches or great friends, or early advantages, yet these very obstacles were his divinest helpers. They gave him faith and courage and strength and manliness. They were the chisel and hammer that released the statue from the imprisoning marble. A friend of mine for more than a quarter of a century, I know of his sublime faith in the simple story of the Cross. As he gazed on the ebbing stream of life, the passing stress and storm of action, the weh and woof and roaring loom of time, he saw a grandeur, a more majestic vision—the new Heavens and the new earth, glorified by the presence of the King. In that early morning hour a soft, sweet voice whispered to him, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"And when the sun in all his state,
Illumined the eastern skies—
He passed through glory's golden gate,
And walked in Paradise."

C. F. McKesson.

———

Archibald Johnson in Charity & Children.

Mr. Joseph Pearson Caldwell was a rare man every way. His like we have not known. His newspaper genius gave him a national reputation. He was ranked among the foremost editors in the United States. But great as were his journalistic gifts, the greatest thing about him was the nobility of his nature. He was a kindly man and his heart was pure gold. It was no small thing to be encircled with the love of such a man, and those who were so blessed feel in his death keen sense of poverty and loss. His humor, always radiant and refreshing, was never employed to hurt or wound because it was tempered and softened with love. He had his faults, as all men have, but despised a mean or a little thing and loved the good the true and the beautiful. It is a matter for rejoicing that his affliction had its blessed effect, and his outlook on the great unknown was radiant with hope of eternal life; and while he was "marking time and waiting for the sunset" for weeks before he died his friends have good ground for the hope that when at last it did go down it rose resplendent on the other side.

A Thought for a Week.

What seems to grow fairer to me as life goes by, is the love and peace and tenderness of it: not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge, grand as knowledge is, but just the laughter of little children and the friendship of friends and the cozy talk by the fireside and the sight of flowers and the sound of music—John Richard Green.

Kindness goes a long way lots of times when it ought to stay at home.

The Load of Wood.

(Continued From Page Three.)

"I didn't say much. I was feeling sick. And when he gave me my share of tne 'plunder,' as he called it,—and plunder indeed it was,—it was with a strange sense of loathing that I put it ln my pocket. After all my anticipation of pleasure in receiving money fairly earned, that was the miserable result. Instead of a sweet satisfaction, nothing but remorse and disgust.

"I found that my cousin did not feel just right about the transactitn, either. 'If we had shaved the sharp old deacon,' he said, "twould have a good joke, though it was almost too hard on the widder.'

"He was, somehow, different from me. Hardened his heart against all compunctions; which I could not do. I did not like to talk about our success, as my father called it after we got home; and I went to bed miserable enough.

"I did not see Medad again until next afternoon, when he came over to talk about taking another load of wood to town.

" 'If we take any more,' I said, it will be honestly loaded, or I'll have nothing to do with it. It was an awfully mean thing we did yesterday.'

"He laughed foolishly, and said he guessed I was right about it. I'm sick of the business, anyway,' he said. 'Let your father take the rest, and give us what he thinks it's worth.'

"So ended our wood speculation." Uncle Asa added, "I've quite forgotten what father gave us, indeed that was a matter of no cunsequence compared with what I made out of the load of wood we sold the widow."

"But I don't see that you made so much out of that!" said Charlie.

"Ah, but I did, though! I made something better than the most brilliant fortune ever achieved,. I'll tell you how.

"I had it in me, to be a little—perhaps you will say, a good deal—dishonest. And if I had begun in a different way, I might have gone on cheating more and more all my life until I should have quite forgotten there was such a thing as conscience, But luckily I overdid the thing in the start.

"I can never describe the shame and misery I felt in consequence of that trick we played off on poor Mrs. Ober. The very sight of split wood sickened me long afterwards. I got no comfort out of the money she paid us; I hadn't the heart to spend it, and it was a source of bitter recollections to me while I kept it.

"Then you may be sure that it was anything but a relief for me to hear—as I did the following spring—that the poor woman was actually in want. I was at the town meeting when I accidentally heard it spoken of. 'Why can't she get along?' one man asked another. 'She works hard.'

" 'Yes,' said the other; 'and she's saving in her way. But she don't know how to make a trade, and anybody can cheat her. You would think it must be somebody pretty mean to take advantage of a poor widow with six children; but there are just such wretches in the world, I'm sorry to say.'

"I didn't care to hear any more. I went straight home, took out of the till of my chest the dollar and 10 cents I had kept all this time, folded the money in a letter, on which I wrote 'From a friend,' addressed it to Mrs. Ober and mailed it that very night.

"After that a part of the load was taken off from my conscience. But I could find strength and peace of mind only in a resolution which I had already formed, and which was fairly burned into my soul by what I had overheard at the town meeting.

"That resolution, was, never in all my life to resort to dishonesty of any kind, no matter what the seeming necessity, or the temptation.

"It is a resolution I have never broken. It hasn't kept me poor, either. I am not very rich; and yet I believe I am better off today than I should be if I had been dishonest. I have always enjoyed a reputation for fair-dealing; and the result has been that my wordly prosperity has been salid to the core."

"And Medad Prank—whatever became of him?" Charlie asked.

"I can't say that Medad took the lesson so seriously to heart as I did. He has always had the reputation of being a little bit tricky. Life has been a scramble with him—a scramble for riches. And it was thought at one time that he had a large fortune. But it burst like a bubble in seventy-three, and he has been scrambling in the old way ever since.

"I was the only one who really made anything out of that load of wood."

ooooo

If you see a brother on the road to ruin, speak to him kindly, A gentle word, fiitly spoken at the proper time, may check him in his course. After he sees another take an interest in him he will be inclined to be thoughful and take a deeper interest in himself.

Honor Roll for November, 1911.

This means good deportment and a grade of more than 90 in recitations.

MORNING SECTION.

	County.
Edd McCall,	Buncombe.
Frank Doby,	Mecklenburg.
Willie Dixon,	Pitt.
Julian Campbell,	Wake.
Roy Matteson,	Buncombe.
George Hendrix,	Cleveland.
Edd DeZerne,	Cabarrus.
George Baucom,	Harnett.
Bryant Ballance,	Pasquotank.
Charlie Fisher,	Buncombe.
Irby Waldrop.	Buncombe.
Billy Newton,	Mecklenburg.
Harry Baker,	Mecklenburg.
James Gaddy,	Buncombe.

AFTERNOON SECTION.

	County.
Jason Myatt,	Johnston.
Henry Buff,	Cleveland.
George Turner,	Alamance.
John Howell,	Greene.
Richard Watson,	Mecklenburg.
Charlie Pate,	Craven.
Ralph Williams,	Pitt.
Wesley Clegg,	Davidson.
Curtis Higgins,	Buncombe.
Sebastian Richardson,	Wake.
Hoyle Means,	Cabarrus.
Connie Betts,	Davidson.
George Moore,	Halifax.
John Page,	Rowan.
Alfred Jones,	Guilford.
Bennie Carden,	Durham.
Worth Hatch,	Alamance.
John McGinnis,	Wake.
Hobson Martin,	Durham.
Clarence Lockey,	Sampson.
Gilmer Miller,	Forsyth.
Bezlor Poteat,	Mecklenburg.
William Byrd,	Wilkes.
Dewells Nesbit,	Mecklenburg.
Arthur Herbert,	Cherokee.

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What do you think of the fellow who is to ascend into space, station himself in patience, wait for the earth to pass under him, and at the proper time cut loose and stand among his distant brethern as a visitor from their antipodes or periœce? Brethern, this little planet of ours is too small a place to contain the many thoughts that arise in the minds of men. The day is coming when the more favored of our people are going to spend their vacation on Mars, and a little later they may visit Venus and enjoy the sight and reality instead of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, I wonder what you are."

ooooo

Never give up a task because it is too hard.

Beautiful Thoughts.

"Do today's duty, fight temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them." God gives us rights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living.

Cheerfulness is like music to the soul it incites to the duty, it oils the heels of affliction, makes duty light and religion rice swiftly on the wings of delight.

Be true to thy friend. Never speak of his thoughts to another, to show thine own discriminations; but open them all to him with candor and true gentleness, Forgive all his errors and sins, be they ever so many; but do not excuse the slightest deviation from rectitude. Never forbear to dissent from a false opinion, or a wrong practice, from mistaken motives of kindness; nor seek thus to have thine own weakness sustained; for these things connot be done without injnry to the soul.

Day by day faithfully to do one's work, and to be restless for no more; without bitterness to accept obscurity for ambition; to possess all vital passions and to govern them: to stand on the world's thoroughfare and see the young generations hurrying by, and to put into the hands of a youth; here and there, a light which will burn long after one's own personal taper is extinguished; to look back upon years already gone as not without usefulness and honor, and forward to what may remain as safe at least from any form of shame, and thus for one's self to feel the humanify of the part before greatness of the whole of life, and yet the privileges and duties of the race—this brings blessedness if not happiness.

All men have their frailties, and whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

Have courage enough to review your own conduct, to condemn it where you detect your own faults to amend it to the best of your ability, to make good resolves for your future guidance, and to keep them.

It is never too soon or too late to press home on ourselves quesaions like the following: What spirit dwells in my heart? What good have I been doing? What works of love have I done? What beeds of charity have I peformed? What faults of the spirit and what evidence of love have I to show? Why not press them now on our heart to reflect upon.

A girl who has been taught by her mother to respect the confidence of others, learns at the same time how safe her own will be in her mother's loving care. In the desire for complete confidence and trust between mother and daughter neither should forget that a due reserve is both necessary and desirable in regard to the confidence of other people. No girl should repeat, nor mother listen to, anything which has been obviously said to the girl alone. Besides, a desire for unlimited confidence is a sign of weakness on both sides. A certain amount of reserve is the hall-mark of all strong characters.—McCall's Magazine.

A Merciful Providence.

Our blindness of the consequences of our short-commings is a merciful provision of God Who could look composedly upon the rank outgrowth of all vice or folly from childhood to middle age? But though we do not see it, we do well to remember that it is there. anq to remind ourselves at the beginning of every day that each careless act, each unkind word, will be paid for, perhaps not by us, but in the want of pain of some one else, You may repeat a bit of idle gossip which will be dismissed from your mind the next moment; but long afterwards you will find the good name of the one you have maligned tainted by the poisonous whisper. A boy accustomed to drink persuades a comrade to drink with him out of a good-humored wish to be hospitable. He goes on his way and never knows that this comrade having inherited the disease of alcaholism, continues to drink, and becomes a hopeless victim. Boys, somebody pays for your carelessness or misdoings, however petty they may seem.

Perhaps it may be a grief-stricken mother or father. Think of this, boys.—Exchange.

The Right Kind of a Man.

The man that brings things to pass is the man the world is looking for. He is not looking for positions or institutions to represent. Positions and institutions are looking for him. He is not a complainer. He does things. He accomplishes results and these results speak more loudly in his favor than could anything else. Such a man is the one the world wants and the world rewards. Discouragements and failures have no meaning to him. Results are the substantial things he stands for and attains. His manner and movements indicate a firm conviction of success. There is no difficulty in selecting him from a crowd. He can be picked just as accurately as can his opposite, who lives in discouragement and failure. Hope and success are more pleasant combanions than discouragement and failure and they leave a more attractive imprint on the countenance. Men who know things, who bring things to pass, are men who are sought in industrial, commercial and financial life. They are not as plentiful as are their opposites. They, however, accomplish vastly more and they are the ones who move the world.

Touches of Rosy Sunset.

"If I can put some touches of rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman," says George A. Macdonald, "then I feel that I have wrought with God."

To make an old person happier, more comfortable, more hopeful—that is, to put the touch of rosy sunset into a human life. It is a precious privilige of youth to cheer old age How naturally an old person turns to a young person for sunshine! It is beautiful to see the sympathy that exists between the extremes of life. In some respects youth and age are as like as sunrise and sunset; and it seems to be God's blessed will and plan that each should turn to the other for help.

It is in the power of every young person to bring sunlight into the life of some old person. to impart that "touch of rosy sunset" which is so sweet to the aged pilgrim who is drawing near the close of life.—Well Spring.

The healthfulness of Lynton, a summer resort in Devon, England, is advertised in this story: "Recently a visitor began to talk to talk to an old man at Lynton, and asked him his age; whereupon he said: "I am just over seventy." "Well," said the visitor "you look as if you had a good many years to live yet, At what age did your father die?" "Father dead?" said the man looking surprised. "Father isn't dead, he's upstairs putting grandfather to bed."

Appeal first to a man's reason, next to his prejudice, then to his purse, and finally, to his vanity; if he is still obdurate, give him up!

Life consists of desire and regret.

Carelessness.

It is always painful to discover that a spirit of carelessness is slowly but certainly eating away the usefulness of those who, for every conceivable reason, should be cultivating carefulness. But this is often seen by those who are in positions which require close observation of the conduct of others. It is in the highest degree of a breach of good faith to become careless in the performance of those duties which we owe to others. Carefulness, in even in the smallest details, is a sacred obligation. It is a duty to superiors in office and character which circumstance can never modify, much less destroy. "He that is faithful in that which is least faithful also in much. And if ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's who shall give you that which is your own?" Carelessness leads to unfaithfulness, if, indeed, it is not that per se. It destroys confidence in the minds of others towards us; it renders us undesirable as friends or employes; it jeopardizes that which we already hold, and finally renders it impossible for us to receive any sort of substantial promotion. But this is not the feature which carelessness produces. It breaks down and finally bankrupts one's own character. No one is safe in any sense after the spirit of "it makes no difference" possesses him. On the other hand, scrupulous carefulness builds character. It lays the other foundation for larger life in that it carries, solidly, all the way through life's building, the strength that makes certain and sustains. Carefulness is, therefore, the watchword of character. Outlaw carelessness at every point, and inaugurate and sustain a spirit of carefulness, and it will not be long in showing its fruits both in your own soul and in the confidence of others. —Baltimore Southern Methodist.

The Mystery of Mysteries.

Carolina Pythian.

The mystery of mysteries is human nature. The deeper we probe, the darker the mystery grows. The first ray of light one seems to see is soon shadowed by some inexplicable turn that baffles contemplation. The greatest of all surprises is to be found in the outward appearance. We run upon a bright, shining face, a winsome smile playing over the visage. We are at once attracted, and, like the fly, we are soon drawn into the parlor to be decoyed by the flattering spider. We are unable to see how such a face can do otherwise than adorn a noble soul. Our admiration is aroused. Our confidence is won. Nothing we have is too good to bestow. Step by step we march into the net. Retreat is impossible. Remonstrance is without affect. A deaf ear is turned. Nothing left except to meet the fate.

Such is the picture it is possible for us all to see in every day life Our boys are being led astray. Our men are being influenced. Our girls are being enticed. Our women are being allured. Money, wealth and pleasure are the goal to which all are rushing. Honor is crushed. The conscience is seared. True manhood is forgotten.

Oh, the temper of the twentieth century. Graft and greed. What is to be done? Surely, right will prevail, but let it be known that it will not be until exposure is made certain and punishment inevitable.

Chronic Grumbler.

The chronic grumbler is despised by all. It is at the best a foolish habit. One can gain nothing by this habit.

Refuse to notice life's trifles and you remove at once many of your petty annoyances. Forget the failures of the past, it will do you no good to live over the disagreeable scenes of life again. No one can nor should expect to be care free in the world. Every one has friends and loved ones to think about. Even if they have passed away, their memory one should revere. Life at the worst is worth living. And above all remember that the faults of one's self are too often magnified in one's imagination. We grumble at little things, of which if we should take a clearer view we would be astonished at our woeful display of temper. We are all prone to excuse ourselves from active service in life by our own grumbling imagination. It is an injustice to ourselves and injury to our friends who need our services, to make them useless in this way. And last, but not least, one must bear in mind that the grumbler is fed on fleeting fancies of ill usage, wrongs, and illusions. Let us all by good spirits and brotherly love cast this demand of society into destruetion and live for others, and not for self.—Reformatory Press.

Quietly in Earnest.

Silence marks the working of the greatest forces of life. No ear hears the sun draw up into the sky the countless tons of water that fall in rain. No man hears the groaning of the oak's fibers as it grows to its strength and height. Noise is usually an after-effect, and does not often accompany initial power. Sounding brass and tinkling cymbals are noisy, but not powerful. So the will reaches its decision in silence, and it does not need much shouting to know when a man is in earnest. Love grows without a sound. The great Fisher of Men worked quietly, as fishers usually do. As Isaiah said, not crying nor lifting up his voice in the streets; yet he was doing his Father's work every minute. We need not become anxious when our sincerest work makes no great noise nor has any immediate effect. If we are dead in earnest, let us do what we can and keep still. Our great partner is a silent partner. —The Herald and Presbyter.

People would try harder for trustworthiness if they knew how lovable a quality it is. When you know you can rely upon anyone, that whatever they undertake to do will be done, and that you can really pass over a share of your load to them, you can not help liking them. On the other hand, it does not matter how amiable men are, if they are forgetful, if they are unpunctual, and if they habitually forget, they become sources of such annoyance that one's liking is apt to die out.—W. R. Nicoll.

When we say a man is not open to argument it usually means that we couldn't convince him.

If you are going to Charlotte you will find no better place to stay than

THE SELWYN.

It is the pride of the Queen City, and an ideal home for the traveling man or woman who discriminates.

If you are going to Greensboro you will find no better place to stay than

THE GUILFORD.

It is the pride of the Gate City, and an ideal home for the traveling man or woman who discriminates.

Life's Mirror.

THERE are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your most utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

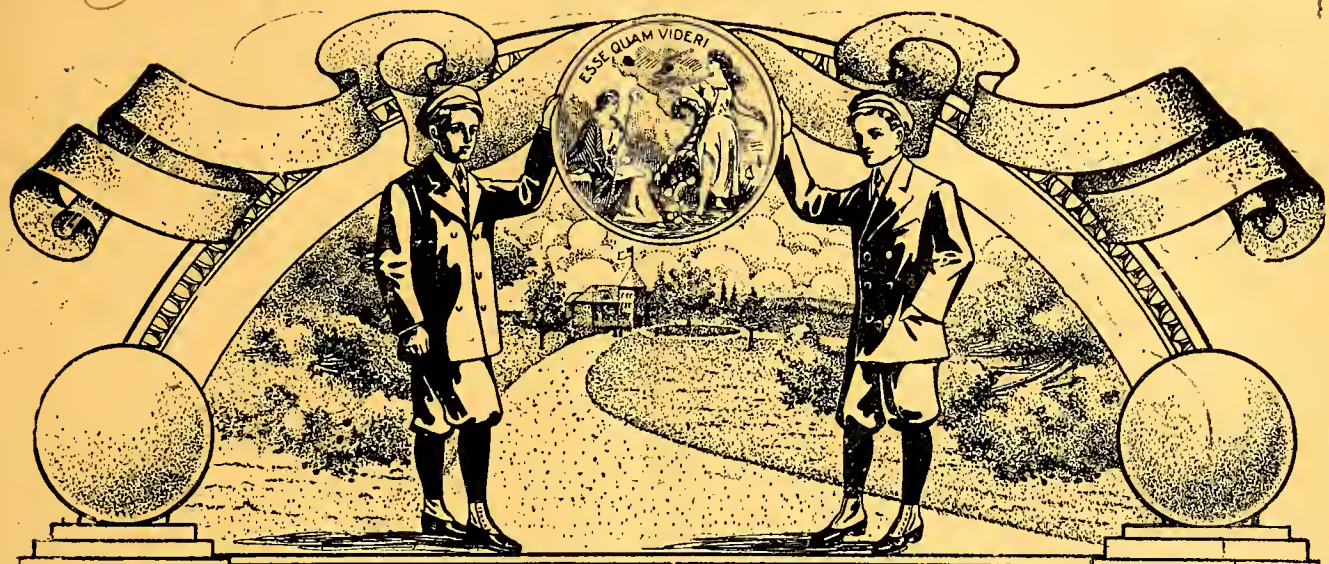
Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Madeline S. Bridges.

Pure Lithia
Water!
If You Need
Pure and
Uncontaminated
Lithia
Water
Write to
The
Lincoln
Lithia
Water
Company,
Lincolnton, N. C.,
For Prices
and Information.

Prof. N. W. Walker



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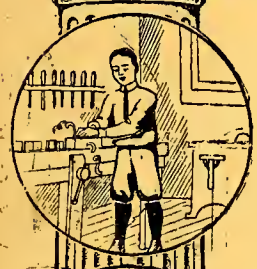

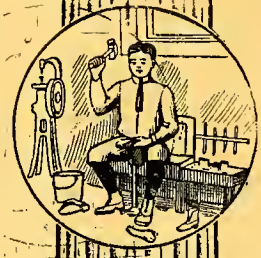

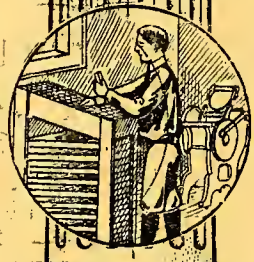

The basis of happiness is the love of something outside self. Happiness is the hunger to give.

DECEMBER, 1911

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

THE ROCK-A-BY *Lady from Hushaby street*
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet.
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. III. CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA, DECEMBER, 1911 No. 7.

A Monthly Journal Published by the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

When We Were Boys

By M. B. Stewart, in The Circle.

CHRISTMAS is not what it used to be when we were boys, I tell you—not a bit. Now don't go trying to tell me that it is because we are grown up, for that is not so. Mere feet and inches haven't anything to do with the way a fellow feels. If Christmas was the same, we'd feel the same, I I know. It's different that's all.

You know how it used to be. About two months before Christmas, the man who kept the Bazaar began to clean out the ball-bats and fishing-tackle and the other things that had been in the windows all summer and commenced putting in the things that old Santy was going to give away Christmas. There were just loads of things in both windows, guns and skates, and doll babies for the girls and—oh, everything, but over there in the corner, in the back, was the only thing on earth you wanted, just that one thing. The other boys were crowding around saying, "I want this and this," and "Oh! I'm going to git him to bring me that, too," but all you wanted was the bobs the pair painted red with yellow stripes on the runners and a strip of carpet down the middle of the seat to keep you from slipping when the hill was awful steep. You could almost feel yourself scooting down Canal Hill on those bobs. There wasn't another pair in town like them. They had a big handle-bar to steer by, not just ropes, and places to put your feet and the name, Rover, was right on the front by the handle-bars. If you only had those bobs! You could hear yourself saying, "Pile on; fellers; you can't hurt old Rover: he's built to stand."

"Ma," you ventured as you flopped the meat down on the kitchen table, "s'pose old Santy'd bring me that pair of bobs for Christmas; s'pose he would?"

"Maybe so," she answered, "If you're a real good boy," and she went on with her work as tho there wasn't such a thing as bobs in the world.

That was always the way. You to be good good, always and forever; good. No matter what it was you wanted to do about Christmas time, you had to be good or Santy was sure to hear about it and you wouldn't get a thing.

It took at least a week before you could muster up courage enough to go in and price the bobs. Finally, one day on your way home from school, when there wasn't anybody in the Bazaar but the man, you slipt in. "How much are those bobs?" you managed to ask.

"Bobs, what bobs? Oh, those! Let me see." They were—and your heart stood still while he tipped them up to look at the price-mark on the bottom.

"I didn't want to buy 'em today," you explained when he told you they were five-fifty; "I just thought I'd ask, that's all."

Five-fifty! When you mentioned it to your father, he sort of whistled and said, "That's pretty steep for old Santy; he's got a lot of people to 'tend to, you know."

Two days before Christmas you stop to take your daily look at the bobs. You blew on the frosty glass and rubbed a nice clean hole so you could get a good look, then you peeked in and—the world stood still for a minute, then got all misty, and something kept choking you all the way home.

"They're gone!" you gasped as you stumbled into the house.

"What's gone? Who is? Answer me, child!" your mother cried all in one breath as she jumped up excitedly.

"The bobs," you sobbed.

"Oh, mercy! I thought you meant the twins," she said. "Goodness, child, how you frightened me!" and she sat down again with her hand on her heart and her breath sort of jerky.

That was all She didn't care a thing about the bobs. Nobody did but you. And now they were gone, and there wasn't anything else in the world that could ever make you happy again.

You went off on the lounge in the parlor and—what if you did cry a little? What do you expect of a fellow when he has had his heart broken? Anyway, you didn't wake up until nearly supper-time, and then you heard your mother saying: "I declare the child's daffy over those bob-sled things. I guess we'll simply have to——"

"Have to what, ma?" you cried, hopping out into the sitting-room, where your mother andf ather were; "have to what?"

"Say, where'd you come from anyway, Mr. Big Ears?" your father demanded fiercely. "You skedaddle. I want to talk to your mother now," and as you raced out to hunt up the twins, you heard him say, "S'pose the little tyke heard?"

Christmas eve was the hardest part of it all. You had hardly finished your supper when your father started talking about bed. "It's about time you boys hung up your stockings, I reckon, he said significantly. "Santy is liable to be along most any time now."

After the stockings had been hung up and you were in bed, the real agony began. "Wonder if he will bring 'em?" you asked yourself a hundred times; "wonder if he will?" Goodness! but morning seemed a long way off. "Say, ma," you called down-stairs, "what time is it now?" "Well, it's time you were asleep if you want Santy Claus to come," she called up to you.

Asleep! You couldn't go to sleep to save you. You closed your eyes and kept them shut until they ached, but you didn't get sleepy a bit. After a while you heard them whispering down-stairs. Pretty soon something bumped hard on the dining-room floor, and you heard your mother's "S-s-h! you'll wake up all creation if you don't mind."

You were wide awake in a minute. "Was that Santy Claus, ma?" you called, sitting up in bed with little cold chills running all over you. Then your father came to the foot of the stairs. "See here, young man," he called, "if you don't keep quiet and go to sleep, I'll just go out and holler to Santy Claus not to stop here. Understand that."

Then you went to sleep at last to dream. First, Santy got the bobs stuck down the chimney and

your father had to go up on the roof and poke them down with a clothes-pole. When you finally pulled them out and wiped the soot off, they turned into a woolly cow, which began to eat the tidy on your mother's rocking-chair, and then— It was sort of gray and spooky when you woke up, and mighty cold. It was a minute or so before you realized that it was nearly Christmas at last.

"Ma," you called, "is it time to get up yet?" and your mother just mumbled something that didn't sound like anything at all. You waited pretty nearly an hour, it seemed, and then you couldn't wait any longer. "Is it time yet?"

Finally your mother gave up. "All right, I s'pose you'll die if I don't let you get up right away. Bring your clothes in here and I'll button you up."

Clothes! Was there ever such another nuisance? Your arms and legs simply wouldn't go into the right holes in spite of all you did. You would have given anything if you had only been a wild Indian and could just wrap a blanket around you and skin down and see——

"Oh, ma!" you ran back to the stairs to scream; "he did. He brought 'em!"

"Well, wasn't that nice in him," he said. "Now don't go and break them the first thing." As if you could.

After a while your father came down-stairs, rubbing his eyes and yawning, and when he saw the bobs, he had to grin. "By jingo!" he said, "but they're dandies. S'pose they would hold me?"

"O' course they would," you contend.

"Look a' those runners. That's pure steel. Say, I don't want any breakfast——"

What's the use of going on any futher? You know all about it as well as I do—of course you do. And yet you want me to believe that Christmas hasn't changed. Say, you're trying to josh me, you are. I know how I used to feel, I guess and I don't feel that way any more, so it must have changed.

Christmas.

For more than fifteen hundred years Christmas has been celebrated; for more than fifteen hundred years it has been promoting the peace and happiness of the world. We in this twentieth century cannot doubt how much Christmas has done for us. What are we doing for Christmas?

How many of us would like to give an honest answer to that question? That day when Joseph, the poor carpenter, went up with Mary to Bethlehem to be taxed; that day when Mary gave birth to the child in a stall and cradled Him in a manger, "because there was no room for them in the inn"; that day with the simple and imperishable history that is the loftiest lesson in humility that the world has ever received—how do we now observe its anniversary?

We think perhaps a little more about food than usual. If the weather is bad, we grumble, and wish that Christmas came at some more pleasant season of the year. If the weather is good, we are perhaps busy with our sports and games and newly acquired gifts that we do not find time to refresh our consciousness of the debt we owe to Christmas and of its poignant lesson in humility. We may even have got so far away from that lesson that we have made gifts under a sense of obligation, wish not to be thought niggardly, rather than from the pure motive of generous affection. Our preparations for the day have been characterized by hurry and worry and fluster; our celebration of the day is likely to be accompained by some complacent contemplation of the pomps and vanities within our sphere. Between such an observance of Christmas and Mary's quiet acceptance of its harsh conditions there is certainly a strange contrast.

But if on one who thinks about Christmas can escape some self-chastisement at the thought, there are nevertheless redeeming facts on which it is reassuring to dwell. The beautiful thing about Christmas is that whatever it does and has done for us, we cannot help, insensibility and by the very nature of the day, doing something for it. A man cannot live in a Christian community without feeling ahat on Christmas there is a kindly spirit aboard and without sharing in that kindly spirit himself. The Christmas season is one when the relations of men and of nations are touched with human friendliness, when concesaions come easier, when pleasant words and pleasant smiles cheer the Christian world. With all our forgetfulness, with all our insincerities we cannot help doing some things in the spirit of Christmas, simply because of the wonderful vitality of that spirit. —The Youths Companion.

About Christmas.

In the darkest period of Herod's reign, when the Jews were despondent and sick at heart, through repeated and protracted captivity, and hope was cherished in the breast of but few, who like Anna and Simeon were "waiting for the consolation of Israel," an event transpired in Bethlehem which gave promise of a brighter day' and was destined to color and influence the future incidents of the world.

With the adveut of this new king there was ordained a new form of government. Other rules might seek to extnd their territory and maintain their throne by might and main, but his was to be a silent, quiet conquest, ultimately overcoming the kingdoms of the world, yet without the force of arms or military display, "peace on earth, good will to men" being the rally words of his campaign.

The character of the kingdom of heaven was forecast in the announcement of the birth of the King of shepherds rather than to the great ones of the earth. The shepherd was of the humblest rank, and was the farthest removed from the grandeur and pride of earthly rule.

Wise men came from the east of Jerusalem confidently inquiring, "Where is he?" The wisdom of all future ages, recognizing the great need of the world, has repeatedly emphasized the significance of this question. For no other character has so moulded the thought, and shaped the destiny of human being as the babe that was sought by the Magi.

The song of angels was the earnest of the heaven-born joy that has come into the hearts of millions of earth's wavering and sorrowing ones, through the life and teaching and ministry of the blessed Savior King. This song was a prophecy that is even now being fulfilled as human hearts are filled with the peace that passes all understanding.

By short-sighted earthly standards, the babe Jesus might have been unfortunate in the environment of his birth, but after all that child is blessed whose early years are close to nature and who has but modest means to support his reasonable wants. The child of the rich is handicapped quite as certainly as the child of the beggar.—The Christian Sun.

Ideals are like stars. You will not succeed in touching them with your hands; but, like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you chase them as your guides, and, following them you eventually reach your destiny.—Carl Schurz.

Love.

W. R. Kingsbury, in Biblical Recorder.

Love is a divine spark of electricity from heaven which fills the soul with hope and the heart with joy. It awakens in power and beauty the latent forces of the soul, and brightens the way of life. No earthly creature can live without its light! No darkness can pervade its skies or dim its light of beauty and take away its gems of glory.

Love is a hidden treasure of the soul, a diamond set in glory by the hand or God. It arouses man's highest anticipation of hope. It clears away the fragments of the storm and leaves a cloudless sky. It is the one great throb of the human heart that swings around the world, touching every chord of nature.

It is love that makes life worth living and breaks down the bulwarks of discord and sin, and soothes the aching heart.

In time of trouble it is our light; in sorrow our guiding star. In time of joy its gentle and shedding rays of splendor fill the soul with illumined glory and make the world more beautiful.

Without love, life would be a dismal failure and a dreamless one, and sea of time without "Hope" to light we would drift down the unchanging way through avenues of bliss, and endless fields of joy.

What Can I Do With My Life.

T. W. C. in Charlotte Observer.

One day a young man came to me and said, "What can I do with my life?" To help answer that question I would say, put yourself into your job. Go at it with energy. You will fail if you are half-hearted. Throw all your vital powers into it. Put originality into your job. Use your brains Think. Take initiative. Be not afraid to be original. Have self-confidence. Get out of the beaten path. Be yourself. Put thoroughness into your job. You must go to the bottom if you expect to go to the top.

The reason why so many American boys fail in our business world is because they are unwilling to go to the bottom and work carefully and thoroughly up. Many heads of departments of great businesses in this city are men from abroad who received their training in Europe. They were willing to learn the first and least important things. They know the whole business.

Men tell me that they find it difficult to secure American boys who are willing to begin at the bottom and work their way slowly to the top. No wonder so many fall, with a sickening thud, to the bottom never to rise! It is the fellow who does his work better than the others who proves that he is a better man. Mere favoritism may advance you, but only ability will keep you there.

It is fine to have friends to help you up, if you can hold yourself up, when once you are placed there. Otherwise your consciousness will only make you pitible and despicable when, like "Humpty Dumpty," you take your inevitable tumble.

You must put honesty into your job. I mean by that you must give a fair day's work for a fair wage. Do honest work. Scorn to be a deceiver. Be no party to any dishonest measure. You can well afford to preserve your honor as an honest man.

When You feel Mean, Smile.

The best way in this world to get along is just to keep sweet and keep moving. There is always an open door to the fellow who smiles. When we go about with a frown on our face this busy, plodding old world of ours has business across the street. The secret of why some people are always welcome is because they always have a smile to spare. They are always happy, and as welcome as blossoms in May. "Laugh and the world laughs with you" needs no commentary. The sour man may have his place, but as yet we have been unable to locate it; and we certainly will not waste much time looking for it. We have no time to waste on his entertainment. It is a gerat deal nicer to lie in your hammock and listen to the song of the oriole overhead than to be tortured with the rasp of tree-frogs or of katydids. Who cares to go on vacation with some old grouch whose toes are sticking out of his shoes by reason of overmuch picking and his mustache scorched with the mean things he has been saying about this beautiful world. That's the sort of a fellow you want to see miss his train. We see men occasionally who never have a good word to say for anybody, and we feel sorry for them.—Standard.

The Importance of a Postage Stamp.

At the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington each separate postage stamp is handled by more than two hundred people before it comes into the purchaser's hands. To deliver the letter on which it is pasted to the address requires the work, on an average, of nearly a hundred thousand more, including men who made the letter box into which you dropped it, built the postoffice where it was sorted, laid the rails over which it was carried, made the sack the postman uses, and fashioned the hundreds of other accessories needed. It gives one a realizing sense of his importance in the world today, when one considers that he can enlist all these men and all this work for only two cents.—The King's Own.

There is a spring in Nevada whose waters taste like chicken soup.

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the boys. Subscription One Dollar a Year in Advance.

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WALTER THOMPSON, Superintendent

Entered at the post office at Concord, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

Hon. Richmond Pearson's Tribute to Mr. Caldwell.

Statesville Landmark.

The tributes from newspapers and individuals called forth by the recent death of Mr. J. P. Caldwell, have been numerous, hearty and sincere. They have come from all classes of newspapers, and all ranks and conditions of men. No man who has passed away in the State in this generation had such a strong hold on the esteem and affection of the people. The tributes have been so numerous that The Landmark has found it impossible to publish them, as much as it would have liked to do so; and they have all been so just and sincere that it was impossible to make selections. We are publishihg today a tribute from Hon. Richmond Pearson, of Asheville, which appeared last week. This tribute has so much of local color that we are sure The Landmark's readers will appreciate it. Writing to the Charlotte Observer, Mr. Pearson says:

"I have deen deeply moved hy the grand anthem which our people with united voice have rolled up to high heaven in honor of Joseph P. Caldwell.

"It seems as if his life had been intertwined with the very heart-strings of his countrymen, and his mother State weeps for him as if the best fiber of her being had been removed. The fact that he has hit me and hit me hard in political contests makes me the more eager to join in this general acclaim to his integrity, his loyalty and his courage.

"I knew him well; we learned our A B C's together under old man Jewett in a little log school house at Statesville. Old Jewett made us sing as a part of the daily curriculum and the discordant and strident notes which Jo. and I warbled from that old log cabin must have caused the heavenly choir to smile outside of that old cabin. The boy had no schooling, no college training; he got his education unaided in the University of the World. He was of Scotch-Irish strain and his make-up was a happy combination of the best qualities of each stock—hard, common horse sense and racy, jovial mother-wit. While his style was clear and cogent, his reasoning strong and sturdy, it was that never-failing Irish wit that made the charm of his writings and won the hearts of his readers; that wit was sometimes dry; sometimes juicy; sometimes stingy, but never venomous. Our forefathers near a hundred years ago linked the names Caldwell and Pearson, not in token of of kinship but of family friendship, and I feel that both the Caldwells, father and son, greatly honored his association of names. This did not keep Jo. from hitting me hard blows, but he always struck out from the shoulder and never landed below the belt. W. W. Holden, W. L. Spunders' Walter H. Page, Edward J. Hale, father and son, deserve honorable mention among the many editors whose pens have illustrated the strength, the growth and the worth of our State, but, taking all in all, the palm, the highest mead of praise, must be awarded to this self-made man whom North Carolina mourns to-day as her very own—the child of her bosom—the best exponent and product a defen- of her institution.

"With all respect to all the divines of al the sects within our borders I dare to rise before the congrgation and to assert that this universal outburst of feeling in honor of Jo. Caldwell is the grandest sermon that we have ever heard or felt"

The following from Harper's Weekly is also printed because of the statement that Mr Caldwell was once considered in connection with a New York newspaper—a fact that will be news to many of his friends. Says Harper's Weekly:

"Joseph P. Caldwell is eead. He died after some two years of retirement from his life-work, enforced by a terrible ailment. The North has hardly ever heard even of his name, and knows little or nothing of his life-work. Even the South, outside of his own State, is but imperfectly acquainted with it. Yet he rendered, the South an invaluable service, and there was once a perfectly serious project to buy for him a great newspaper here in New York—if we said which newspaper we should hardly be believed. Fot his life-work was editing a newspaper, the Charlotte, North Carolina, Observer, and he was truly a great editor. His own State made, when he died, an extraordinary demonstration of universal sorrow and sense of loss. He was another disproof of the alleged disappearance of personality from journalism; for his was superbly and patiently effective. He made it count in his noblest achievement; and that achievement was simply an extraordinary independence and fairness. He proved that an editor could have both these qualities and yet be loyal to the South's reservations, live unmolested by the South's fierce resentment of interference with its social order and ideals—nay, honored and loved for his high manliness. He could do that only because he had a Lincoln-like gift of sympathy and insight and a Lincoln-like honesty and charm. His writing style was also like Lincoln's—direct, homely, humorous, sincere. So was his service to his people; for by his example and teaching of freedom he in truth made them free. Peace to the ashes of this our high-souled brother of the South!"

"You Can't Make Men Moral by Law."

Some papers seem to think they have made a very wise and statesmanlike remark when they have succeeded in getting off this stale, much-abused platitude. It is a favorite argument used by some against laws prohibiting liquor traffic—as if if the prime object of such laws is to make men moral.

There are, roughly speaking three men against whom the prohibitory laws are directed—the drinker, the drink-maker and the drunkard-maker the buyer, the manufacturer and the seller. Now, it would be a fine thing for society if all three of these classes would be made securely moral, by legislation or otherwise. But laws are not primarily designated to foster morality, as desirable as morality is, and as necessary, if society is to endure and to be strong. Laws

enacted to protect individual and society from injurious persons and practices. Laws are intended for self-preservation. And, therefore, whenever a state or communtity finds growing up in the midst of it persons or practices, customs of traffic which have proved to be injurious to society or to impose unjust hardships upon individuals—more particularly the defenseless and the weak —it not only has the right, but the positive duty to step in and say to the offender be he individual or an organized trade, "Thou shalt not." In other words it is not immortality that the law takes cognizance of, but injury. The law isn't primarily a gospel, though it may be a God-send. It is primarily a protection. Its representative is the policeman, not the preacher. Hence to claim, "You can't legislate men into morality," as an argument against liquor enactments or any any other similar laws, is simply to misconstrue tha prime function of civil and criminal law.

Of course all good laws do aid morality and all bad laws tend to foster immorality. This, however, is incidental and not primary.

This leads easily to another fact which our friends who are so fond of using the platitude that heads this article seem to forget, namely, that laws origionally intended to protect are necessarily more or less educative in character. Pass a law which is designed to prevent men doing an injury to their neighbor or to society as a whole, and at once you have set up a powerful agency for teaching men that the thing against which the law is directed is wrong. The citizen's moral character is constantly being toned up by seeing goods laws passed and executed. The law becomes a moral standard and men shape their lives in accordance with the good laws. This is the history of legislative enactments. Ther are at first the expression of the sentiments and will of the majority. As time goes on, they become more than the will of a majority, they become the accepted standard of the consciences of the entire community upon the particular matter with which they deal. In this ways laws passed for the protection of society, if they have in them a moral bearing—and the prohibition laws confessly have—become exceedingly powerful moral agencies. That is to say, good laws do and always will, tend to make a moral citizenship. Hence, we deny "In toto" that "you can't make men moral by law."

You can't make men moral by law alone. You can't change the moral principle of an individual in the sense of renewing his heart, by means of law. That is frankly admitted. But if one means to affirm that the passing of good laws does not help morality, both in the individual and society, he gives evidence of shallow thinking and no observation at all.

We are now willing to go yet one step further and—over against the assertion, "you can't make men moral by law," place this declaration: "You never knew any individual or community which was ever made moral without law."—Baptist World.

Many Ducks in China.

Those traveling in foreign lands are apt to note with interest many peculiarities of the people of different nations and of course are apt to notice the different kinds of fowls and animals found in different countries. There are more ducks in China than in all the rest of the world. Their voices are a familiar sound in every town and country spot of the sea coast and in the interior of the vast empire. Even in the large cities ducks abound. They dodge between the coolies' legs. They flit, squawking, out of the way of the horses. Their indignant quack will not unseldom drown the roar of urban commerce. Children herd ducks on every road, on every pond, on every farm, on every lake, on every river. There is no back yard without its duck quarters. All over the land there are great duck-hatching establishments, many of them of a capacity huge enough to produce fifty thousand young ducks eveuy year. Ducks amoung the Chinese is a staple delicacy. It is salted and smoked like ham or beef. It is served as a delicacy prepared in many ways. and a number of travelers declare that only the Chinese know how th cook and serve a nice fat duck. In royal houses and among the very wealthy the duck is served in a particular style in honor of any distinguished guest, and those fortunate enough to have eaten it say that it is far beyond anything they get elsewhere in the way of prepared fowl. Many ducks are exported from China, and it promises to be a growing indusry. The climate, as well as the care of the fowls, is said to produce the most excellent flesh.—The Watchman.

Horne's Theft of the Mules.

Ashley Horne's monument to the women of the Confederacy is to face the main entraoce to the new State building, which, in itself, is a monument to Mr. Horne. It was to secure this building that he went to Legislature. So, Raleigh will soon have two monuments to the worth of a soldier, who, at Raleigh, returning home penuiless and afoot, stole two of Sherman's mules, made his way with them to his desolate home at Clayton and with them began breaking the ground and laying the foundation for a fortune which he is now using to the good of the State. The mule-stealing incident in Horne's career may be made public property by The Chronicle. The Federals were encamped about Raleigh when Horne reached there making his way home. It was a bright moonlight night, with drifting clouds. Horne occupied himself in the brightest intervals in spotting a good pair of mules and laying out a course of escape, And at a time when a particularly thick cloud obscured the moon, he made a break for the mules, mounted one and leading the other got safely away. That monument to the Women of the Confederacy, therefore is to be built with money, the root of which was cultivated by two mules stolen from an army that had too many of them, anyhow.—Evening Chronicle.

No Love Like A Mother's.

If boys are taught to be gentle and chivalrous toward their sisters they will treat all women in the same way. There is no necessity for formality in the home, but brothers and sisters should be just as polite to each other as they would be to strangers. The mere fact that they are closely related does notgive them the right to treat each other like wild little animals. It is hard for a busy mother to exact politeness from a large family of children, but if she begins from their infancy they will soon get the habit, and it will become second nature. Don't get too far away from your own people. Don't forget nor neglect them, for they are your best friends. No other woman will feel for you as your mother does. She may not see you for years, but your place is there in her heart just the same. Blood is thicker than water, and no matter where you go or whom you meet your own people should always hold the first place in your heart.

According to calculation of a French statistician, the number of books published throughout the world is 128,500 each year.

A LAWYER'S TRIUMPH.

By J. H. Tucker, of Asheville Bar.

The following story is so intensely personal I feel a delicacy in offering it for publication, although I have often been asked to do so, both by friends and newspapers. This is the first time it has been made public and I only yield now to the urgent request of a friend who can corroborate a part of the story.

About six years ago, I was in my office alone. The sheriff of our county walked in with a prisoner, a handsome young fellow who doubtless had seen better conditions than those he was then experiencing. He was of fine physique, of open countenance, robust, but his face bore marks of long-continued dissipation.

Said the sheriff: "This man is under arrest for murder in Texas during a card game. He is detained by virtue of a telegram from the sheriff of a county in that State, asking that he be held. He will be arraigned before a justice at two o'clock this afternoon. He says he has no money and has been unable to procure the services of a lawyer. Thinking you might help an unfortunate young man, I brought him to you. You know I have a wayward son myself. I would thank some one to help him under such circumstances If you can do anything for him, please help him." And turning the prisoner into my custody, he locked the door and retired to the adjoining room.

At once the young man almost fell into a large chair near by, buried his face in his hands and began weeping most bitterly. Between heavy sobs, he cried out in his anguish: "Oh, my God, if she knew it, it would kill her, it would kill her! God help me!" As soon as I could quiet him enough to talk, I showed him a photograph the sheriff had slipped into my hand. Startled, he almost sprang to his feet, as he exclaimed: "Where did you get that? Oh, my God, how low have I fallen." I answered: "The sheriff left it with me. Is it of you?" "Yes," he said, "but that was before I learned to drink and gamble; that was before I wasted the estate; that was before I killed—oh, Heaven—my dear father; that was before I grayed my mother's hair and wrinkled her cheeks and bent her body and broke her heart; that was when i was the idol of that home—but, oh, how I have fallen!" Then, looking him straight in the eyes, I commanded him to calm himself and to tell me the whole story, and here it is in substance as he gave it to me:

"My father was a wealthy business man in New Orleans. My mother was of an old aristocratic family. Our home was in the fashionable part of the city and whatever heart could wish they had. I was the only child. My parents were over-indulgent to me. So far as I now recall, I did not have a single vicious habit until I was past seventeen years.. Accidently, I met some boys who told me of the glamor of city life. I was charmed. I had never seen or felt anything but the narrow circle of home life and the love and worship of my parents and I revelled in that. But the story of the city opened up a new world to me. I became restless and peevish under home restraint. I took advantage of every opportunity to seek the companionship of my newly-made friends. Their stories of the city make my heart leap with interest and my soul thrill with eager expectancy. I began to steal away from home. They led me; I followed, an easy victim until vicious habits were found. Home was no more interesting. I soon found my love for the dear ones at home waning—gone. My thoughts were ablaze with the new world. I went to the theater and sat under the footlights; I went to the ball and spent the night in revelry; I went to all high social functions and buried myself in the gayeties of life. I began drinking wine in the parlor and ended in the saloon. I played cards in the drawing room and gambled in the secret den. Each day led me into deeper vice and degradation. My parents knew what the results would be; I neither knew nor cared. I was having a good time, as I thought, with the boys. At home, I could see great anxiety that seemed foolish to me. I felt all right and warned my parents not to be foolish about me, I could take care of myself, yet it seemed to me my mother was tenderer and my father more solicitous, but I gave no heed and spurned their love and solicitude. Well, it is useless to pursue the story. I went lower and lower and lower. I saw the home sold and I, with bloated face, followed my father to the cemetery and saw him laid away beyond the reach of sorrow. I had literally killed him—not with the ordinary weapons of physical death, but I broke his heart and that was worse. I saw my dear old mother return from that burial and enter a little rented cabin. I went in with her and she placed her hand, withered and trembling, upon my shoulder, and in convulsions of grief said: 'Willie, my precious child, he is gone—it is all gone. I have sold the last thing I value for you. All is gone. But for my precious boy, I could wish I were sleeping by your father's side. But, some way, I feel the Lord will give me back my prodigal boy. Won't you come back and love me once more and be my child again.' It was the struggle of my life, but I screwed up my courage and, kissing her wrinkled face, said:

'Yes, mother, I will. God helping me."

"Now came the struggle sure enough. I honestly tried to be true to this promise, but the influence of my old companions was too great, the grip of appetite too strong. I could not with-stand them. Every attempt I made, I fell. So, gathering together my shattered will and without a cent or a friend, I kissed mother goodbye and set my face steadfastly toward a new life. I have tramped from New Orleans thus far, beating my way to the far North, where it is my purpose to redeem my life and to give it to her who has given hers for me. No, no, I am not guilty of the murder charged. I have never been to that county or State in my life."

"But," said I, "this is your picture."

"Yes, it looked like me before I drank. It is not of me now. I have not looked like that in five years—since I was a boy. I wish I could blot out those five years!"

With that photograph, the sheriff had also handed me a printed description of the prisoner that was so true to nature I could not believe the young man. To my mind, the identity was complete. I examined him in detail and found every point in the description but one answered in the man. The last point was: "He is a perfect specimen of manhood, without a scar on him." Without reading this aloud, I asked the prisoner this question: "Have you a scar of any size on you?" He said "No—" then, hesitating a moment as if he had forgotten, he quickly remembered that while he and a little friend were at one time playing

"wood-chopping" the hatchet flew off and struck him and left a scar about an inch long just above the left knee-joint. Requiring the prisoner to show it to me, I found it and in it the first hope of release.

By this time, the sheriff notified us the time had arrived for the hearing. I turned over the prisoner to the sheriff and together we went to court and found awaiting him the man who had arrested him (for there was a $500 reward offered for his arrest,) and a prosecuting lawyer and the justice. The case was called. The lawyer showed the court the photograph and read the description and then made a most powerful plea that the prisoner be held for extradition without further waste of time, "for," said he, "the evidence is conclusive," "Yes," said the justice without waiting to hear from the prisoner, "the photograph is of the prisoner and the description fits, even to the fact there is no scar." Then, rising and addressing the court, I said: "But, suppose, your honor, the defendant could show a scar, what would be the effect?" The justice, adjusting his glasses, replied: "I should release him, for the description distinctly states there is no scar." Then I had the prisoner to show the scar. The court examined it carefully, again called for the photograph and looked at it with the closest scrunity and then at the prisoner and then read the circular and made the comparison for himself. He said he observed that "by close scrutiny a slight difference could be seen between the picture and the prisoner and, taking that into consideration with the scar, he was satisfied the prisoner was not the man wanted and is released."

The prisoner returned with me to my office and, after the most profuse thanks he again broke into the bitterest weeping, saying: "If my poor mother should hear that I had been arraigned in court for murder, it would kill her. Please do not let the papers get." And they didn't.

This trial presented an opportunity that often comes to lawyers—not in the same way yet, they come and are often met the fear of God and the quietness of the private office, and the world never knows of it. I tell this story because I believe it will do good and ought to be told.

The young man told again briefly to me the misfortunes and the sorrow he had brought to his home, and his resolution to reform and his flight from himself and his old companions and habits, and as he told it he would tremble as if he thought they were about to rush upon him and seize him again, and then, remembering his old mother left behind in tears and want, he would cry as if his heart would break, and then, looking out through his tears, he said: "I shall win. I must win for her sake."

Said I: "Do you expect to win in your own strength?" "Yes," he said, "for I have no other. I have not a friend to help me, nor a cent of money." Then I told the poor fellow about Christ as a friend and how he could reach Him through faith and prayer. Down on our knees we went and asked for help and ashe arose he said: "Thank you, thank you." After getting some help in Asheville, he pursued his journey.

Several months had elapsed. I had often thought of my client and wondered what had become of him. His last words: "Thank you, thank you, thank you." would ring in my ears, and then a silent prayer would ascend for him. After many months had elapsed there was a knock at the office door, a well-dressed gentleman approached, saying: "I am from Cleveland, Ohio. I know you; so does everybody in the First Congregational Church of that city. I am going South and stopped over to say 'Thank you, thank you, thank you.'" And, pulling me to my knees he thanked God for the law office in which the wayward tramp found light and life Rising, he could not wait for an inquiry from me, but at once began the story of the young man's profession: "Our church is open every night. We have prayers for the saved and the unsaved— for the one that he may be kept and for the other that he may be saved. It was on Friday night. The spirit was leading and souls were crying for mercy and help. Finally a handsome young fellow of the tramp type arose and told the story of his wreck, his trial in Asheville, his tramp to Cleveland and his accidental entry into our church and his surrender to Christ. Oh, sir, we all know you. God bless you. I wish you had been there that night. Our church was in tears of joy. It was the happiest conversion we ever witnessed. The pastor asked him where he was stopping. After some slight hesitation he replied: 'I am only a saved tramp' (meaning he had no stopping place.) At least fifty of our members hurried to him, offering their hands and their help. But one of our church officers took his measure and sent to his store for new clothes. The next morning he took him to his store and introduced him to his clerks as his confidential clerk and commended him to their favor. 'He took hold like a born merchant,' said the man 'and won his way at once.' Marshall Field, of Chicago, visited the merchant, who told him of his new discovery of a much-needed man, and Mr. Field said he was the very man he was looking for and persuaded our merchant, for the sake of the young man and his mother, to let him have him. The price offered was so flattering that the merchant gave him up. After he had been with Mr. Field for a few months the story goes that he bought him a splendid home and gave him a salary of $5,000 a year and told him to send for his mother. And, sure enough, the boy had 'won for her sake."

A lawyers greatest triumph consists not in abundant fees but in loving service.

Asheville, N. C.

Be a Hero.

Every boy and man can be a hero if he will; no matter how humble your position in life, no matter if you have made mistakes and are paying the penalty for offended law, you are afforded the opportunity of recording your name among the heroes. It is possible for you to triumph over evil habits, to build for yourself a strong character and the more adverse the conditions are, the lower the depths from which you rise the greater her hero you will be. Each individual has a God-given mission and he owes it to himelf to attain the highest development possible. This can only be accomplished by right living, by using the minutes, hours and days for improving—increasing—the talents, the faculties, which God has given.

When a boy, James A. Garfield was asked what he wanted to make out of himself. His answer was: "First of all, I must make a man out of myself. if I fail in that, I shall fail in everything else, Those who have read the life of Garfield know that he accomplished his purpose; he became a man in the truest sense of the term, and was called to take the highest office in the gift of the American people. Oh that every boy in this institution would resolve, like Garfield, to make men of themselves, absorbing the good thoughts which come to them each day, thereby strengthing and beautifying their characater, cultivating self-reliance, and preparing themselves to enter upon true, pure manhood, the kind that counts for good.—Ex.

Manners and Morals of Children.

The American child is the terror of society wherever it goes. An eminent German on his first visit to the United States was much pleased with many things, but disapproved of the children. His remark on leavour shores was, "There is plenty of family government in America, but it is all in the hands of the children." It is certain that there is no other civilized or semi-civilized country in the world where such rudeness and impertinence in children would be tolerated as may be seen in this land almost anywhere and on any day.

The causes of this distinctly unpleasant characteristic of American children have been much sought after. It is common to say that it is due to a lack of parental training and control. Probably this is largely the case. But this only raises another and more difficult question: Why should American parents be so conspicously lacking in authority over their children beyond parents in other lands? It is not to be presumed that American children are natually more depraved than others nor that American parents are specially deficient in power to control.

Observation in other matters shows that quite the opposite is the case. In this country it it frequently seen that a man eminent for tact and ability and success in directing large bodies of men is hardly more than a cipher in his own home, and the one whose word is law to thousands lets his own family run all over him, and is flouted and disobeyed by his children with impunity. Why

Doubtless some part of the explanation may be found in spirit of extreme democracy which pervades our land, personal independence is the chief fetich which our people adore. All our political and social ideals are framed to suit the supremacy of the rights of the individual. No matter whether it is best for him, or best for the community, or for the world, the sacred rights of personal freedom must not be encroached upon. This ideal of the supreme importance of personal independence shapes all ideas of social and political life. It lies at the foundation of the doctrine of State rights and of local self-government. It says that Cuba must be independent, even if it is clear that the best interests of both countries will be served by union with the United States. It would give immediate independence to the Philipine Islands, no matter if it promises to result in anarchy and bloodshed.

We are not stopping now to inquire whether these things are right or wrong; we are seeking only to find their influence on the children. They hear their elders talding as though the privilege of having their own way was their dearest and most sacred possession, and they naturally fall into the same habits of thinking. They hear their parents speak without reverence of officials who are clothed with authority, and with unerring instinctive logic they lose reverence for all in authority even for their own parents. There is a fallacy somewhere between the personal freedom of a man and a child, but the child does not see it very clearly, and he feels that his father does not have reverence for those in authority, neither will he.

When Thackeray was in America he said to a boy on the streets in New York: "My boy, I wart to go to the City Hall." "Well, run right along, sonny," rplied the street Arab. It was funny, but it could not have occured in any country but this, and we pay too high a price for the sharpness of the wit of our children when we buy it at the cost of a suitahle reverence for old age and rightful authority.—The Watchman.

Be Considerate and Thoughtful.

Courtesy may be one of the smaller virtues, but it is a virtue neverless, and one that makes life more pleasant and happy. It is close kin to kindness and has its springs in the love that "seeketh not her own". One cannot be too kind or too thoughtful of others. Strange to say, this lack of courtesy is often found in the home, among those who are supposed to love each other. There is no more excuse for being rude and unkind to one's brother or sister, mother or father, than to the stranger.

Parents should so influence and train their children that it will be easy for them to be considerate and thoughtful. Too often the young people are reared in an atmosphere of self-seeking and rudeness. The finer feelings and sensibilities become calloused, and the disposition hardened. There are those who think a child must go through a toughening process in order to become strong and independent. In a certain sense this is true, but strength and independence acquired at the expense of gentleness and courtesy are not to be desired. Gentleness and greatness are not incompatible. The expression of the psalmist, "Thy gentleness hath made me great," is full of suggestive thought.—The Friends Messenger.

"If You can't Smile."

In the vestibule of a certain hospital, visitors see a card bearing this advice: "Never utter a discouraging word while you are in this hospital. You should come here only for the purpose of helping. Keep your hindering, sad looks for other places, and if you can't smile don't go in."

"If you can't smile, don't go in!" It is good advice for other than hospital visitors. Who is beyond the ministry smile? It is tonic to the discouraged. It helps the little child for whom the world holds so much that makes afraid, and it cheers the aged who finds life unspeakably lonely. As King Arthur's court was built by music, so the happier life we all hunger for here upon earth is built in a large part by the cheerful faces we see as we bear the load appointed for us.

Smiles are indispensable to a true success in life as money, mind and might. As long as a man can smile he is not beaten. Not in hospitals only, then, but in the home and on the street there is a call for the kindly, sunny smile. The way to have it is to get the heart right with God, and then turn the eyes to the light, for the smile that helps is the smile of heaven-kindled joy and hope.—Ex.

Let your religion make you more considerate, more loving and attractive, more able to think of and enter into the pleasure and interests of others.—Arthur C. A. Hull.

If you are going to Greensboro you will find no better place to stay than

THE GUILFORD.

It is the pride of the Gate City, and an ideal home for the traveling man or woman who discriminates.

If you are going to Charlotte you will find no better place to stay than

THE SELWYN.

It is the pride of the Queen City, and an ideal home for the traveling man or woman who discriminates.

Singin' 'Long De Road.

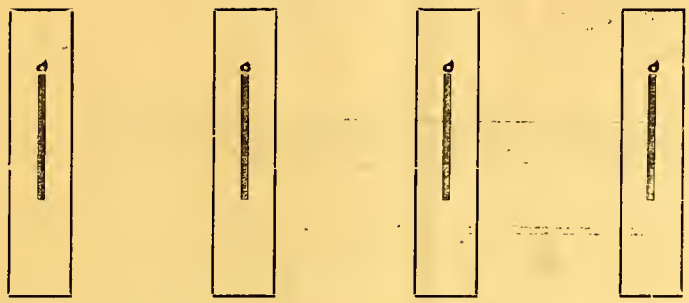
HE WAS des de happiest creatur dat de round world ever knowed—
Singin' 'long de road—singing 'long de road!
Dreaming in the night
Of a mawnin' sweet en bright,
Flinging' wide the shutters fer ter let in all de light!

Happy in de reapin' of de harvest what he sowed—
Singin' 'long de road—singin' 'long de road!
'Crost fields whar birds wuz singin'
Dey heerd his voice a ringin',
En de toilors stopped ter listen en ter bless him fer his singin'.

'Peared lak it fetched de sunshine, en lightened up de load—
Dat singin' 'long de road—dat singin' 'long de road!
En "it's work—it's work ter do
Whilst de light shine down on you!"
('Peared lak de birds dey heered him, en dey fall ter singin' too.)

Oh, des de happiest creetur dat de roun' worl' ever knowed—
Singin' 'long de road—singin' 'long de road!
En de darkest day wuz bright,
En Trouble say, "Good night!"
Fer he des th'wed wide de shutters en let in all de light!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Youth's Companion.



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Prof. N. W. Walker

THE UPLIFT

Simplicity is restful contempt for the non-essentials of life

JANUARY, 1912

A Boy's Promise.

The school was out, and down the street
A noisy crowd came thronging;
The hue of health, a gladness sweet,
To every face belonging.
Amongst them strode a little lad
Who listened to another,
And mildly said, half grave, half sad,
"I can't—I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout,
Of boisterous derision;
But not one moment left in doubt
The manly, brave decision.
"Go where you please, do what you will,"
He calmly told the other,
"But I shall keep my word, boys, still;
I can't—I promised mother."

Ah! who can doubt the future course
Of one who thus had spoken?
Through manhood's struggle, gain, and loss,
Could faith like this be broken?
God's blessings on that steadfast will,
Unyielding to another
That hears all jeers and laughter still,
Because he promised mother!

—*Selected.*

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. III. CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA, JANUARY, 1912 No. 8.

A Monthly Journal Published by the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

A Brilliant Speech by Col. Watterson.

[We print below the substance of the brilliant speech delivered in Charlotte by Col. Henry Watterson advocating peace arbitration between nations.]

It would seem that a measure of public benefit such as the arbitration treaties negotiated by our government with the governments respectively of England and France would call for little urging upon intelligent Americans. Equally in England and in France there is no dissent whatever. But here, owing to the perversity of some and the indifference or the ignorance of many, organization is required, a campaign of education and an appeal to reason, toward the popular confirmation of the truism that peace is better than war.

In this we have an example of a very general human absent-mindedness with respect to things obvious. We take them for granted and pass them by. Trouble follows, and it is too late. The ounce of prevention which is worth a pound of cure is rarely applied but for the most part becomes the tardy and impotent expression of the common failing.

THE CODE OF HONOR.

I belong to that considerable body of Americans who need a deal of coaxing to be good. I grew to manhood under the ministrations of a jockeying subterfuge for valor, known in its day as the code of honor.

It was the offspring of unmanly vanity. It had not even the equities of manly combat to recommend it. There was invariably a play for unfair advantage. Too often one man knew too well whom to kick. When the stress of real war arrived upon the scene, the signalized duelists—the professional duelists, we might entitle them—fell away from the lines of battle and were conspicuous by their absence from the front. Not one of them made his mark as a good soldier. The duello thus discredited at the South, dropped out of the South, having long before dropped out of the North.

A braggadocio threatened a Confederate valiant who had refused his silly challenge, with posting him as "A Coward," and the Confederate valiant quietly and quite safely replied: "If you post me as a coward, you will post yourself as a liar."

The disappearance of the duelio and the code of honor both in England and the United States first led my mind toward the inquiry whether if individual combat could thus be eliminated from among gentlemen, collective combat might not be eliminated from among nations.

THE ARBITRATION TREATIES.

It took me a long time to reach an affimative conclusion. I am—that is, I was—temperamentally a little disposed to contention. Circumstances made me, patriotically, a bit of a jingo. I liked to see the bunting wave and to hear the eagle scream; and being much upon the other side of the water in the earlier time when the screaming was not very loud and the waving not very lively, I thought to piece it out on occasion by tweaking the nose of Johnny Crapeau in his gilded and sinful haunts and twisting the tail of the British lion in his self-complacent lair—metaphorically of metaphorically!—and otherwise compelling the recognition of my country by the despots of Europe and incidentally acclaiming myself a free-born American.

I am still so recalcitrant that I don't want to weep upon John Bull's bosom until he sheds as many tears at Mount Vernon as we at Stratford on-Avon. I even counsel the ladies of my family to beat the horrid custom-house people getting their articles of "Bigotry and Virtue," not to say their wearing apparel, in upper Fifth avenue instead of in the Rue de la Paix.

But these are merely figures of speech—international pleasantries—not designed to stir up strife or to question a better understanding between ourselves and the English and the French, nor to hesitate over the purposé of the phraseology of the arbitration treaties.

I consider them sound—eminently so. Wise and far-reaching—wholly so. Fratical, possible—decidedly so. But if they were more dream-like, mere pipe dreams, as a certain person would say, simply setting the vane in the line of the wind—I would still support them.

ARBITRATION NOT A NEW IDEA.

The Hague Peace Conference of 1899 set the present ball in motion. Since then we have had a Pan-American Conference and a Central American Conference in the interest of peace. But the idea that arbitration is a modern invention—a theory and an experiment—is contradicted by six cases as far back as the eighteenth century, four hundred and seventy-one in the nineteenth, and already one hundred and fifty since 1900. The fault of most of these arrangements has lain chiefly in incompleteness. They have not gone far enough. The virtue of the treaties with England and France is that there embrace all that is essential to promote peace and prevent war.

Behold the havoc every day reported from the arena of strife in northern Africa. Suppose an arbitration treaty existed between Italy and Turkey, as part of a general arbitration system enforceable by other contracting parties, how long would these atrocities with their wanton waste of blood and treasure, be allowed to go on? And why should not the Porte and the Quirinal be rescued from themselves and each be forced to toe the lines of justice and reason:

The notion that war makes for manly development and is indispensable to the virility of nations long held possession of the minds even of the learned and reflecting, and is still entertained by the unknowing and the unthinking. Yet it is at variance with all history. The wars of Greece and Rome depleted the manhood of Greece and Rome. The wars of Napoleon depleted the manhood of France. Our own sectional war depleted our manhood to the degree of the subtraction from the common store of the million of the slain embracing the best we had.

We scarcely needed Gen. Sherman to tell us that "war is hell," War catches a people both coming and going; whilst it lasts, a debauch of blood; when it ends, a riot of corruption. There was never a good

war. "All war is bad," said Franklin: "some wars worse than others."

THE ARCHANGEL OF WAR.

The name, the specter of Napoleon, rises like some dread Geni before the mind—the very archangel of prosperous battle—of whom we hear so much and know so little.

"He fought and half the world was his,
He died without a rood his own
And borrowed of his enemies
Six feet of ground to lie upon."

Sometimes, looking down into that splendid crypt under the gilded dome by the banks of the Seine, I have asked myself: "Is it a sleeping devil?" and a still, small voice has whispered: "No, just a freak of frail humanity waiting the Judgment Day."

There is a picture out at Chantilly—in the Chateau—representing young Bonaparte back from Italy, eight and twenty—thoughtful, almost tender, having a far-away look out of the lonely eyes. Nearby hangs a vivid potrait of Talleyrand gazing fox-like and scornful across at the little adventurer as if foreknowing what was to come. One cannot contemplate and contrast these two counterfeit presentments, recalling the story of each, without feeling that whilst Talleyrand might have saved Napoleon, Napoleon to Talleyrand was as chance to destiny; the one a master of intellectual divination; the other a victim of circumstance. I have never been able to bring myself to the belief that Napoleon was any part of a great man. He was a dreamer, a gambler; Talleyrand, a seer. He was a hap-hazard fatalist; Talleyrand, a practical philosopher. There had come to Napoleon the inspiration of action; to Talleyrand the inspiration of thought; but whilst Napoleon taught his enemies his newly-acquired art of war until they knew it as well as he, and it recoiled upon himself, sending him to chancery at five and forty, nobody ever discovered the art of Talleyrand, who lived until he was four score and he died in power.

I am not considering here either merit or morals. We do not associate strength with Talleyrand, yet he was all strength; Napoleon who seemed sometimes very strong, all weakness; else why the episode of Josephine? Why the Russian invasion? Why Waterloo? Had Napoleon listened to Metternich, having driven Talleyrand away, he could have secured the confirmation of his dynasty with lasting peace and a larger France than he had found. He need not have put a crown on that Creole's head, for he was not ignorant of her infidelities. He may have been something of an idealist, but mainly he was a sentimentalist; a most solicitious son and brother. In that famous separation, he, not she, was the actual sufferer. Her vanity only was touched; his affection. During the ten months at Elba Josphine had died. On his return to Paris—the world trembling in the balance—Napoleon found time to drive out to Mai-maison. Hortense showed him into the death chamber and left him there. He remained an hour and came forth his eyes red with weeping. Call you him of blood and iron? And this man—this waif out of the dreamfold of Italy—was able to light his path to glory. He was able to deflower, to depopulate, to degenerate France.

I can never think of the little Corsican that the lines of a ragged French poet do not sing into my ear a kind of lullaby:

"Oh, if I were Queen of France,
Or still better, Pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad,
No weeping maids at home.
All the world should be at peace;
And if King's show their might,
Let those that make the quarrels
Be the only ones to fight."

LIBERTY AND MARKETS.

The world moves apace. After wireless telegraphy, anything seems possible, I am a Methodist in the conceit that man is steadily going on from grace to grace toward perfection, a Darwinian in believing that the road he travels is evolution. The magic of evolution, of modern invention, surpassing the miracles of old, have revolutionized the universe.

The idiosyncrasy of the nineteenth century was liberty. Measurably the world has it. The idiosyncrasy of the twentieth century is markets. Age after age ambitious men struggled for a footing; for land, for territory. Shall the struggle for markets be as costly and as bloody?

There are brainstorms of nations no less of persons. What else was the war scarce in England a year or two ago, provoked not by German aggression, but German competition? At one time the average Englishman felt so uncertain in his home that he flocked with the other average Englishman to the playhouse to listen to a lot of maudlin mimicry and be at one and the same time warned and reassured. A dose or two of timely arbitration, I think, would have done the work much better, if not much quicker.

I have never been a free trader myself. For our own country I think, and have always contended, that the impost duties must furnish the larger part of the nation's income. That the government has no right in equity or in law to levy and collect a dollar of taxes except for its own support—meaning a tariff for revenue only—has been economic gospel with me since the youth and bloom of that star-eyed goddess who, I have to confess, has grown a little plump now and aged—middle-aged—certainly mature, though I hope matronly, and still lovely and loving as in days gone by. But I believe in the peaceful interchange of commodities between the nations, each bestowing itself upon those it can most profitably produce, and I can see no reason why when London and Berlin get on their hind legs and begin to paw the air, a Hague halter shall not be thrown over both of them and a Hague halt be called upon what, being a Kentuckian, I may be permitted to describe as a figurative excess of "Hoss."

There have been times when a strong executive seemed paramount to the Congress, and when a strong Congress was paramount to a weak President. The court itself has sometimes had to roost lower. But in the long run the voters are tolerably sure to get their volition and to come by their rights. And that is why I am talking here tonight. I want you to help me impress upon the Senate that this is a real and not theoretical question, that it is an actual and not a visionary opportunity, and that, if it be lost through its belittlement for any cause—sub-ordinated to an imaginary senatorial dignity, or killed by litigious senatorial quibbling—a serious obstruction will be thrown across the world's highway of progress, a lamentable blow be dealt the greatest and most benign movement of modern times, unmerited obloquy be cast upon the character and influence of the government which has made the treaties and just reproach upon the nation which has by its lassitude permitted the Senate to withhold from them its ratification.

PEACE ON EARTH.

But the other day we were celebrating our annual Thanksgiving, peace on earth, good will to man. But yesterday we were celebrating our Christmas-tide, peace on earth, good will to men, Yet not so long ago that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary we were at one another's throats, appealing to the cannon's mouth to settle a disputed question touching the relation of the States to the Federal government left open by the framers of the constitution.

After four years of incredible sacrifice on both sides, the law of force against force prevailing—the greater overcoming the lesser—each side began, very slowly at first, to learn that in the beginning we had better arbitrate the matters in dispute upon a cash basis, because, barring the institution of African slavery and a few practical lessons of the war, the general fabric remained much where it had been when the war began.

The first and greatest lesson of the war was and is, that we are the most kindred, the most homogeneous people on the face of the globe. Massachusetts and Mississippi are convertible terms. Take a Green Mountain boy to Texas -slip a gun in the belt and give him a rattlesnake for a hat-band and he will will forget that his forbears did not fight at San Jacinto, having actually fought at Ticonderoga. Charleston in South Carolina and Boston in Massachusetts are twin cities; it being almost impossible to distinguish in the Palmetto Club of the one and the Algonquin Club of the other which is which after 10 o'clock at night. In short, we have learned, all of us, that men and nations need often to be protected against themselves. In our case five lines tell the whole story:

You cannot chain the eagle,
And you dare not harm the dove;
But every gate
Hate bars to hate
Will open wide to love.

And so, dear friends, let us do what we may to put out the fires of hate and to make war at least unfashionable; to establish justice, and advance on peace. At their very least, these arbitration treaties can do no harm. It is conceivable that even the upper house of Congress might grow so great as to be good, for nothing. I am far from thinking so Yet I cannot deny that it is under such suspicions that a change in the method of electing its members is under very serious contemplation. Meanwhile let the people in this particular instance, bestir themselves. There is no voice in this audience, however weak, which is not still strong enough to reach as far as Washington. If peace on earth, good will to men was good for Thanksgiving; if peace on earth, good will to men was good for Christmas; if it be good here at home among ourselves- why not abroad among all the sons of men and the nations of the earth?

A WORLD POWER.

As Americans we are proud to be called a world power. We are a world power. All the world outside is not strong enough to come against us, and, save as peaceful tourists, we have no thought of going in considerable numbers after it.

But what kind of world power? Accept these arbitration treaties, and we acclaim ourselves the world's leader in the way ahead, onward and upward—fulfilling the divine mission of the fathers of the republic and justifying the reason of our being—a land of liberty, but not avarice, a nation of free men, not a nation of traders—Christians, not Pagans or Philistines—proclaiming in truth and soberness, not in idle phrasemongery the blessed religion of peace on earth, good will to all mankind.

"Peace in the quiet dales,
Made rankly fertile by the blood of men,
Peace in the woodland and the lonely glen,
Peace in the peopled vales.

Peace in the crowded town;
Peace in a thousand fields of waving grain;
Peace in the highway and the flowery lane,
Peace in the wind-swept down.

Peace in the whirring marts,
Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter roams,
Peace, God of Peace, Peace, Peace in all our homes,
And all our hearts!"

Too Little To Do.

While most people are sorry for those who have too much to do, for my part I reserve my sympathy for those who have too little to do. They seem to me to have scarcely a fair chance in the world. Their natures are not properly taxed and tested, trained and developed They are sure not to grow up to be among those who are great, wise, good and famous in the world. Now they are glad that they are free from the ordinary cares and activities of life. In the future they will be sorry. Indeed, it may help to kill them.

A traveler, who visited the Pitcairn Islanders in lonely Pacific home where they led a life of absolute idleness found some of them dying of old age when only fifty or sixty years of age—a time of life when those who lead a busy existence are in their prime. They had too little to do. The rough fibre of life, for its due adjustment needs a certain amount of work and worry.

Two strangers met one day at a country village where both had come in search of rest. One was a newspaper man, the other a physican. In the morning, the newspaper man lay lazily on the grass, picking buttercup and daisies and looking at the blue sky. He did this for an hour while the physican watched him. Medical men have tricks of watching their fellow-creatures. We are open books for them to read.

You seem sir, said the physican, "to be rather fond of lying on the grass and picking daisies."

"I have a passion for it," was the answer. "I should like to spend my life lying here, picking dasies.

"And yet, was the rejoiner, I have an idea that you are a manwho leads a pretty busy life—that you take a great deal of interests in other maters besides the picking of dasies.

"Yes, I work a great deal more than I like, and I should be glad to quit and would choose to rest here on my back forever, with nothing in the world to do."

"Do you know, sir, the result of that?"

"Well, what would it be?"

"It would probably be an attack of paralysis. To stop work would probably end your existence."

Often people have too little to do in early life.

They have seasons of much holiday and glorious leisure. Then comes the long stretch of life, with hard work; and they too late regret now when they have too much to do, that they did not take advantage of the time when they had too little to do.—Ex.

Learning Something New.

When Solon, the Anthenian sage, was asked the secret of his strength, and mental activity, he replied it was "learning something new every day." The Greeks generally had the idea that the secret of eternal youth is "to be always learning something new."

It is a good thing for young people to start out in the morning with a determination, during the day, to add to their stock of knowledge. They will find many opportunities of doing this. Perhaps a conversation of a few minutes with some one older and wiser than themselves will afford a chance to ask a question or two, or a few spare moments may permit a glance into a good book. If eyes, ears, mind and heart are kept open, we may have the satisfaction, at the close of each day, of saying: "Here is a fact, or a truth that I did not know this morning." If this should become a daily experience it would mean much in the way of added knowledge and wisdom.

Trust in the Lord and do good.

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the boys. Subscription One Dollar a Year in Advance.

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Entered at the post office at Concord, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

The Parallel.

The strongest indictments of the lawlessness of the country that has been made in a long time was that drawn by Senator Borah, of Idaho, in a recent address before the Young Men's Republican club of New York. Saying in the course of his remarks, "I do not exaggerate and I do not overstate the unwelcome and accusing data at hand when I declare that we are even now in our youth the most lawless of any of the great civilized nations," Senator Borah continued;

"There are thousands and thousands of people, with the number daily increasing, who would like to feel safe in their persons, safe in their workshops and homes, who would like to feel that justice can be administered alike to the rich and the poor, and we have not one government for the honest buisness man trying to be right and another for those who are ruthlessly preying upon the rights of others and of the public.

"Even if I were going as a party to continue to yield to the cupidity of some and compromise with the selfishness of others, I would at least recognize the demands of those who still place their country above the dollar and regard the enforcement of equal and effective laws for all as above every other blessing which government can bestow.

"What shall it profit that we devise plans and enact statutes for the protection of human life or property of the regulation and guidance of our vast business interests if every man is to be a law unto himself? The bedrock, the granite formation upon which great civilizations and powerful governments are built, is obedience to law. We have seemingly arrived at a time when a political party can afford to make it a cardinal tenet of its faith.

"A few weeks ago the country was surprised and shocked by the confession of two labor leaders. In order to save their own worthless lives, which they had so often declared they would sacrifice for labor they entered their pleas of guilty, insisting that they did all for principle, and seemed to expect an astonished world to accept their whining apologies.

"No reasonable man would seek to hold union labor as such responsible for this conspiracy to carry on indiscriminate murder. Fair men will not by reason of their confession seek to impeach the citizenship of the rank and file of the great army of labor.

"But even so, and with that conceded, the brutal tale of fiendish destruction of property and life leaves honest labor humiliated, discouraged and distrustful; its upright and conscientious leaders confused and dispirited, and in view of the fact that these men, so long as they held their secret, could command the support of thousand of good men, it leaves the country stirred with unrest and suspicion.

"There is another record which we will notice in passing also. Bound up in many volumes, now well stored and preserved in the archives of our highest judicial trihunal, you will find the full records of two of the late noted decisions. This record is now a part of the country's history, collected, sifted, tested and verified by judicial procedure. No one reed doubt its verity or hesitate to discuss its melancholy significance.

"It is a tale twice told of selfishness and greed, of extortion and lawlessness. The plea of justification is not unlike the plea of the planters of dynamite, for although the acts are clearly and manifestly in violation of the law and the rights of the public, it is claimed, nevertheless, that it was all done in the interests of business growth and industrial progress.

"This is the best plea and the only plea which twentieth century business can furnish—all that could be said by those so rarely gifted and richly endowed with both this world's goods and intellectual power and of whom the government and humanity, have a right to expect so much."

Pointing out that the records of lawlessness in the Standard oil and tobacco trust cases were not exceptional or isolated cases. Senator Borah asserted that such lawlessness is common; and it might be added that it has a horde of defenders and apologists who insist that it is necessary for business growth and industrial development; and these unconsciously it may be, but nevertheless as certainly, give aid and comfort to the same spirit that induced the McNamaras to destroy property and commit murder under the idea that they were aiding the cause of labor.

Use or Lose.

There is a law of nature that man must either "use or lose." If you are unwilling to use the powers and opportunities that God gives you, you must lose them. If you will not use those capabilities of the soul, such as the love of the beautiful, true and sublime (the sentimental side of your nature), they will disappear and leave you cold, heartless and disappointed. Many a man in a mad scramble for wealth has refused to yield to the tender side of his nature and has killed the faculty by which he can enjoy while seeking the things he thought he would enjoy. Many a man who has gained wealth is shocked to find that after all the finer and tenderer side of his nature is paralyzed. Beauty in nature, art, literature, no longer appeals to him. Money has mounted to his side, but the enjoying power is dead. Straining and striving have starved the soul.

Shells as Fuel.

You would not think cocoanut shells would make a very good fire, would you? And yet when we remember that there is a great deal of oil in them, the mystery is largely explained. In some cities men make a good living gathering up these shells, which are often given them for the hauling, and sell them to poor people who break them up and mix them with coal. A good many hotels and and private house-keepers also crush them and mix them with coal to be used as fire lighters. One dealer in cocoanut shells in the city of London last year sold more than fifty thousands bags of them for fuel.—The Girl's World.

Honor Roll for December, 1911.

This means good deportment and a grade of more than 90 in recitations.

MORNING SECTION.

	County.
Edd McCall,	Buncombe.
Frank Doby,	Mecklenburg.
Julian Campbell,	Wake.
Roy Matteson,	Buncombe.
George Hendrix,	Cleveland.
Edd Dezerne	Cabbarus.
Charlie Fisher.	Buncombe.
Irby Waldrop.	Buncombe.
George Holder,	Forsyth.
Paul Benjamin,	Haywood.

AFTERNOON SECTION.

	County.
Jason Myatt,	Johnston.
Willie Dixon,	Pitt.
Henry Buff,	Cleveland.
George Turner,	Alamance.
Ralph Williams,	Pitt.
Richard Watson,	Mecklenburg.
Charlie Pate,	Craven.
Curtis Higgins,	Buncombe.
John Howell,	Greene.
Wesley Clegg,	Davidson.
Sebastian Richardson,	Wake.
Connie Betts,	Davidson.
George Moore,	Halifax.
John Page,	Rowan.
Alfred Jones,	Guilford.
Hobson Martin,	Durham.
Gilmer Miller,	Forsyth.
Bennie Carden,	Durham.
Worth Hatch,	Alamance.
Clarence Lockey,	Sampson.
Bezlor Poteat,	Mecklenburg.
William Byrd,	Wilkes.
Dewells Nesbit,	Mecklenburg.

They Do Not Expect It.

"Lord, I never thought I would come to this!" wailed L. M Sandlin, wife-murderer, as he went to the electric chair in Raleigh Friday morning. Sandlin met his just deserts for a most cruel murder. He abandoned his wife and children and the deserted wife was trying to make a support by keeping boarders, when her worthless husband returned and wanted her to live with him. She naturally refused. Then he killed her in cold blood and made a pretense of attempting suicide by inflicting a slight wound on himself. Doubtless astonished when he found he was under sentence of death, the insanity dodge was brought out, and for a wonder it failed. It has saved as vicious criminals as Sandlin, but this time it failed, and the murderer went to his death shrieking, "Lord I never thought I would come to this!"

Of course he did not expect to meet death that way. The vicious criminal, who nerves himself for crime with whiskey, and usually takes advantages of the weak and defenseless, does not expect to pay the penalty for the crime. If he knew the punishment was swift, sure and certain, the risk would be taken in fewer cases. But taking advantage of that maudlin sentiment which pervades North Carolina, which would save guilty wretches from punishment and give no thought to the victims; taking advantage of that sentiment which defeats justice in the courts and too often overpowers the Executive, the average criminal usually expects to escape with light punishment if punished at all.

Could the knowledge go abroad at the be beginning of this New Year that hereafter in North Carolina every crime would be punished, and that the punishment would be swift and severe, it would give the criminal element such pause that there would be a New Day in North Carolina as well as a New Year. God grant that this New Day may come and speedily; a New Day when every individual may feel as safe in person as he does in property. As Senator Borah so pointedly emphasized in his great New York speech the laws amply protect the property of the citizen, but his person is almost unprotected. He has ample recourse if his purse is stolen, but he has no assurance if he is shot down, while in the peaceful pursuit of his daily business, that his slayer will be punished.

Do Not Run The Mental Machinery at Night.

"It is a great thing to learn to shut off the mental steam when you quit work," says Orison Sweet Marden in Success Magazine. What would you think of a factory manager who would leave all of his power turned on after the operators had left the factory, the delicate machinery running everywhere, pounding itself to pieces, grinding out its delicate bearings without producing anything? Many of us do not turn off our mental power after we are through producing or creating for the day. We carry our buisness home, take it to bed with us, think, plan, worry, and waste precious energy in all sorts of ways in superfluous thinking, about the next day's work. It is a great art to learn to shut out the exquisite mental machinery and unfits it for the next day's work. It is a great art to learn to shut off the power when through with our day's work, so that we can oil our mental machinery, refresh our minds, recuperate ourselves, and go to the next day's work completely invigorated. There are many men who seem to think that they are accomplishing something if they keep their minds on business even when not at work; but they really accomplish less than nothing, because they are wasting precious mental energy, the power of concentration, the vigor, the focusing of the mind which is imperative for creative purposes.

Tomorrow.

What a multitude of people are watching for tomorrow. "Tomorrow I shall be better," murmurs the invalid. "Tomorrow I shall have better luck, shall do better work, shall be sharper in my bargains, shall beware of former mistakes." Thus says the unfortunate, the careless, the speculative, the remorseful. Yet commonly, tomorrow comes today only to find the invalid dead, the unfortunate utterly ruined, the speculator desperately disappointed, the sinner deeper in his crimes.

We are too much inclined to "reckon without our host," in regard to the illusive "tomorrow," and we dispose of it in advance as though it were our own, whereas there is naught on earth so uncertain as that mysterious day that lies so near us in the future.

Charles Reed illustrates this admirably well, in his story of Noah Skinner, the fraudulent bank clerk, who falls, the author, states into a sleeper's languor, in the midst of his resolutions to make restitution "tomorrow." By-and by waking up from a heavy doze, Noah took a last look at the receipts and murmured again, brokenly, "I'll take it—to Pembroke street-tomorrow—tomorrow—tomorrow." The tomorrow found him, and so did the detectives—dead.

How is it with yourself friend, Procrastinating are you not? tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow! Never, now, this hour, this instant.

Little faithfulnesses are not only the preparation for great ones, but little faithfulnesses are in themselves the great ones. The essential fidelity of the heart is the same whether it be exercised in the pits of in the royal treasury, the genuine faithfulness of the life is equally beautiful whether it be displayed in governing an empire or in writing an exercise.—F. W. Farrar.

A Fortunate Snowstorm.

By Emily V. Windsor.

It was in June, just after John Lane's graduation from the high school that his father was taken with a serious spell of illness. Not till late in October was he able to walk out a little each day; and then the doctor peremptorily ordered him to a warmer climate for at least a year's complete rest.

"But if I do that," said Mr. Lane gloomily, "it will use up about all our savings."

"Let us be glad that we have enough money to do it," returned his wife cheerfully.

"What will you and John do?"

"We'll get on all right; we'll need very little money. How glad I am that we own our home!"

"Don't worry about us, father. I'll find some work. I'll be able to earn enough to help take care of us."

"And the doctor said," went on Mrs. Lane, "that he knew of a place in North Carolina where living is not expensive. Of course you must go."

"I had planned to let John go to the Institute for at least a year; and now to think of using the money up in such a way!"

John put his arms around his father's shoulders lovingly. "You must not say such things. We couldn't use it in a better way than to make you well. As for me, I'll be proud of being the man of the house. Just as soon as we get you off I'll look for work."

He did not find it as easy, however, to find work as he had thought. Milford was a small town, and not a great deal of business was done there. None of the business people seemed to need help. He could only now and then obtain odd jobs.

One rainy morning in November his mother said as they were nearly through breakfast: "I don't want you to walk around looking for work in this rain. Besides, there are a lot of little things I want done about the house; so give me this day. I would like the lock on the back door fixed the first thing."

"All right, mother. I'll have to buy some nails. I'll go for them at once," returned John as he rose from the table. "I'll go over to Ricker's for them," he added as he put on his overcoat.

"Yes, do. I like to spend what I can with the poor old man. His trade seems to have fallen so much."

When John reached Ricker's hardware shop, he found it empty. He waited impatiently for the proprietor to appear. As he glanced about the place he thought that it was no wonder that the old man's trade had fallen off. Things were lying about in disorder, and dust was plentiful. "Why doesn't he tidy things up a little? Of course people will go over to Clark's in preference to coming here. Mr. Clark has everything in tiptop shape."

Presently Caleb Ricker came from the room back of the shop. He was a pale, worn-looking man, with thin gray hair. This morning he looked distinctly troubled.

"How's your father getting on?" he asked as he proceeded to get the nails for John.

"We had a letter yesterday; he is doing nicely, thank you.

"You haven't found work, yet?"

"Nothing steady, sir."

As he was about to hand the package of nails to John, the shopkeeper said suddenly: "See here, I've some imporant business to attend to at Benton. I ought to have gone last week, but, I had no one to leave here to look after the shop. It's just occurred to me that you could do it. Of course I'll pay you what is right. What do you say.

"Why, I'll be glad to do it if you think I can," said John, pleased at the prospect of earning some money. He had not earned any for several days.

"I'll be gone three or four days, perhaps longer," went on Caleb Ricker. "Of course you can do it. I'll explain about things—prices and so on. I know I can trust you." He glanced approvingly at John's frank countenance.

John returned his gaze smilingly "Yes, sir, you may; I'll do my best."

"Well, then, run home and tell your mother about it, and hurry back. I'd like to catch the noon train and it will take me a little while to explain things to you."

Mrs. Lane laughed a little when John told her of what he was about to do. "It seems I'm never to get that lock fixed." she said: "but aside from your earning the money, I am glad for you to accommodate Mr. Ricker. I'll hurry and put up some lunch for you."

The first hour of John's shop-keeping seemed a long one to him. The rain had increased to a heavy and steady downpour. No customers came in. He wished that he had brought a book. "How shall I pass the time? There will be no trade in this weather. I believe—yes, I will—I'll set to work and try to put this place in a little order," he soliloquized. But perhaps Mr. Ricker would not like his doing so.

After thinking over the matter a a few minutes, he decided that he would risk it, anyway. He could not sit inactive all the afternoon; he must have something to pass the time. He would begin by giving the shop a thorough sweeping. He looked about and found a broom. After the sweeping. he made another search and found some pieces of cotton material, with which he dusted carefully. Finally he put shelves, showcases, and windows in neat order. The result pleased him. "It looks like another place," he thought.

It was not raining so heavily now, and in the next half hour he had three customers. About five o'clock a man whom he knew, Mr Ben Smith, came in and asked for wire. He was evidently surprised at the changed appearance of the shop and to see John there. The latter explained about Mr. Ricker's having gone away for a few days.

"Was it your idea to slick things up?" Ben Smith asked bluntly.

"O, I could not sit around doing nothing," answered John carelessly, "and there was no trade while it was raining so hard."

"Well, Ricker would have a better business if he weren't so careless about the way things look. He ought to have more than Clark, for most of the country people have to pass here; but they go on to Clark's, although it is father."

John had to go back into a storeroom at the rear for the wire. As he was getting it down from a shelf he noticed a number of sleds (there were at least fifty piled up in a distant corner. He smiled to himself. "What an idea, to keep sleds on hand! Why, we haven't had any snow to amount to anything for the last six or seven years. I don't believe Mr. Ricker has good judgment."

After Mr. Smith there were no other customers. At six o'clock according to Mr. Ricker's instructions, John locked up carefully and went home The rain had ceased and it was turning colder.

The next morning the ground was white, and the snow was coming

down thick and fast. After making the fire in the stove and opening up the shop, John was ready for customers. "I hope that there will be more than yesterday," he thought. He was much pleased with the improved appearance of his surroundings.

Mr. Smith came in for more wire. "Say," he said, "the paper says we are going to have lots of this. There are snowstorms all over this section of country. Yes, sir, according to predictions, this is going to be an old-fashioned winter."

While in the storeroom getting the wire John again noticed the pile of sleds. A sudden idea in connection with them came to his mind. After Mr. Smith was gone, he proceeded to carry it out. He looked over the pile of sleds. They were dusty, of course, and some of them evidently shopworn. He selected one painted in gay colors, cleaned it thoroughly, and hung it up outside the entrance door to the shop. The probability was that, after so many snowless winters, there were many boys of the town who had no sleds. He felt sorry for Caleb Ricker and would be glad if some of his stock could be sold.

Not a half hour later a man came in with a small boy and asked to be shown a sled. John brought him two from the pile in the storeroom—a red one and a blue one. The little boy expressed a preference for the red one. and the man inquired its price. John had not thought of the price, but it quickly came to his mind that when he was a small boy his father had paid a dollar and a half for a smaller sled. So he said: "It is a dollar and a half."

The man paid it without hesitation.

When he had gone John thought that he had better have a supply of sleds in the shop; so he brought several in and polished them up. During the next few hours he sold five sleds.

Just before noon Mr. Smith came in. "Say," he said, "you know how to do business. My, I remember the time when Caleb Ricker bought those sleds. There was a little snow, and he thought it was going to last, so he ordered a lot. I guess maybe you'll get rid of them all, for Clark hasn't any, and he can't order any, for there are no trains running. The roads are blocked. Guess I'll take one for my boy. A dollar and half you say?"

That evening the amount for the day's sales ef sleds alone was thirty dollars. This John carried home for his mother's keeping.

"I'll put it in the bank tomorrow. You'd better put all the money you receive there 'till Mr. Ricker comes home," she said.

The following day it was colder and still snowing. The sale of sleds continued, and again the next day until on the fourth day they were all sold. Trade was brisker in other things too. John was jubilant when he thought of the the comfortable sum of money in bank awaiting Mr. Ricker.

The weather continued cold, though it was no longer snowing except lightly at intervals: Trains were running and on the afternoon of the fifth day Mr. Ricker returned.

He was plainly pleased at the improved appearance of his shop. "I know that I have been careless about things," he said; but since my wife died I have not taken any interest in my buisness. The matter that took me away has turned out all right(I was afraid that I was going to lose several hundred dollars), so I'll keep things in better shape hereafter. I am sure I am grateful to you "

John proceeded to tell him about the sleds and of the money in bank.

The shopkeeper gasped in amazement. "Sold those sleds! I gave them up as a dead loss long ago; and I was so taken up with the business which called me away that even all this snow did not bring them to my mind. I don't know how to thank you. Of course I'll give you a percentage on the sale. You have certainly got business sense."

"I don't want any percentage and shall not accept it," said John positively. Why, I have enjoyed the experience."

A customer entered, and John glanced inquiringly at Mr. Ricker.

"You wait on him," he said, and seated himself at a little distance from the counter.

The customer wanted several things and was somewhat difficult to serve; but John waited upon him with such tact that he made several more purchases than he evidently intended when he entered the shop.

When Mr. Ricker and John were again alone, the former said; "I have just been thinking that perhaps you and I can come to some agreement as to your staying with me—until you can get something better at least. What do you say? Perhaps business will pick up a good deal and you will like hardware enough to keep to it. I'll do the best I can by you. I'll come this evening and talk it over with you and your mother."

"I'll be glad of the opportunity," replied John gratefully. "Come and take supper with us this evening. My mother will be glad to have you."

And Caleb Ricker, thinking of his cheerless rooms over the shop, thankfully accepted the invitation.

Habit.

Every boy has been told over and over again how tyrannous is a bad habit. Perhaps he knows something about it from personal experience; he has found it hard to stop "putting things off," or leaving his hat in any place but the right one.

Whatever his small experience may be he has too probably seen the evil illustrated in some unfortunate man of the community. This man—perhaps in many ways estimable, and sincerely ashamed of his infirmity—cannot escape from the terrible habit of drink, although it is destroying him and ruining his family. This man is called the "slave" of his habit, and the term is not too strong. The boy has doubtless had him pointed out as the terrible example that he is.

The boy thus realizes that bad habits are as hard to escape from as quicksands, and that is well; but he is too likely to think at the same time that to live honestly and reputably is as difficult as walking a tight rope, on which you can keep your balance with the greatest difficulty if at all. The outlook seems to him discouraging. But when the boy takes this view and asks, "What's the use of trying?" he forgets one peculiarity of the law of habit.

All habit is extraordinarily tenacious—not only the bad, but the good. A good man would find it as hard to become a villian as a villain finds it to become a saint, or a drunkard to remain sober. That is why the formation of habits of sobriety, industry and thrift is so important; even if you would, you cannot easily elude their protecting power. It can be done, of course, just as the drunkard can sometimes reform, but the point is that the difficulty is as great in one as the other.

It is encouraging to think that although good habits are hard to attain, they are a solid and permanent acquisition.—Youth's Companion.

Live the true life of a man today. Not yesterday's life only, lest you become a murmurer, nor tomorrow's lest you become a visionary; but the life of today with happy yesterdays and confident tomorrows.

The Deadly Cigarette.

R. S. Gavin, in Texas Standard.

Not long ago a fire gutted one of the leading business houses in our city, and the fire had its origin in the stub of a cigarette which a gentleman had carelessly thrown into a box of sawdust.

I have heard it affirmed that the great Baltimore fire a few days ago was caused by a lighted cigarette.

A few years since a man falling asleep with a lighted cigarette in his hand, started a conflagration in Tampa, Fla., which destroyed $800,000 worth of property; rendered 1,000 people homeless, and left 4,000 working men and boys without jobs.

Just think what one abominable little old cigarette can do! See what a great fire it can kindle! If we had all the wealth that has been burned up by the fires of our country caused by cigarettes, we would have money enough to endow all the great colleges in the country, and furnish free tuition for students for all time to come. Yes, we would have enough ready money to send a sufficient host of missionaries to foreign fields to evangelize the world within the next half decade.

But what is all this monetary loss, indirectly accruing from the use of cigarettes, when compared with the loss which the youth of our land is sustaining in the habitual use of the deadly cigarette?

I give it as my cannid opinion, based upon pretty strong evidence, that there are more young men who are sucking their ruin through a cigarette than there are who are sucking theirs out of a bott'e.

They are falling on our right and on our left—victims of the deadly cigarette. Statisticians reckon the average man's value at $600 a year. And this means that the average man who works is the equivalent in productive value of an engine, or some industrial plant worth $10,000, producing at 6 per cent an income of $600. So it comes to pass that the death of the average workman is equivalent to the destruction of a $10,000 mill, or engine. Therefore, the economic loss of every boy whose usefulness the cigarette habit undermines is equivalent to a fire that burns up $10,000 of choice property. It is really a great deal worse than a fire, since the unfortunate victim may live for years, a parasite upon his kith and kin, and a deadly poison to society, and when at last he dies, those who have carried him as a burden can have no recourse to insurance money.

I indict the cigarette as one of the deadliest enemies known to human life. It is one of the evils with which we are afflicted, of which not one word can be said in its favor. On every count it is guilty as charged in the indictment—and guilty only.

No matter how tiny and innocent-looking the roll wrapped up in white, it is most assuredly the devil's concoction to ensnare and enslave the bodies, minds and morals of the youth of our country. It creates, or caters to every ill that moral life is heir to.

"And the worst of it is that its witcheries are so seductive that the victim is willing to attribute to any other cause the mischief that it is working to a finish in his life." Slowly it works to death—but surely. "Little strokes fell great oaks;" and as the hand of the clock, which seems not to move at all, surely points at last to the hour, so certainly does ruin, with the inhalation of every cigarette's fumes, by and by strike the vital spot of every one who indulges. It was the remark of one of our greatest men that he never saw a boy with a cigarette in his mouth, but that he considered him at least on the first stage of ruin.

They tell the sad story now of a boy whose young life was cut short through the effects of the cigarette, lying on his death-bed, and confessing to his nurse that all his trouble originated from cigarette smoking. He said to her: "Some days I smoked twenty cigarettes. At first I kept my grandmother in ignorance of my indulgence. But as I continued to smoke, the appetite grew upon me, and I reached the point where I could not quit. Then my constitution became affected. For months I kept going from bad to worse, althought I knew it was killing me." A few days before he died he called the nurse to his bed and said that he had not lived in vain if only the boys who are still alive would profit by his suffering death.

A Sensitive Lad.

Here is a story that illustrates a truth that needs to be impressed, whether it be true or not. A little boy, sitting next to a lady in church noticed that she had nothing for the collection plate. His own contribution was in his hand, but as the collector approached the little fellow became greatly disturbed because his seat mate seemed entirely unprepared for the offering. The situation appeared to him to be serious, for when the steward got within a few pews distance, he handed over his silves piece to the lady, as he whispered in her ear: "Take this, and I will get under the seat till he goes by."

Such sensitive soul as this boy are exceedingly rare. We have seen the collection plate in the gallery of a city church pass thirty people at one time without receiving a cent, and they did not appear to be disturbed in the slightest. It ought to be understood that when people attend a service that costs considerable to maintain it is a matter of honor to contribute something to the expense if they are at all able to afford it.—Christian Observer.

A Spirit Level to Live By.

A little boy saw his father using a spirit level to see if the board that he was planing was "true" and straight.

"What's the use of being so careful papa?" he asked. "It's pretty good, I guess."

"Guessing won't do in carpenter work," replied his father, sighting the edge of the board and shaving it the least bit in the world. "You have to be just right. People guess at too many things. God does not like that way of living."

"I guess there aren't any spirit levels for living by," laughed the little boy.

"Yes, there are." said the father, earnestly. "You'll find them in the Bible. Try all your actions by that."—Christian Observer.

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The Foot-Path to Peace.

TO be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors; these are little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

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